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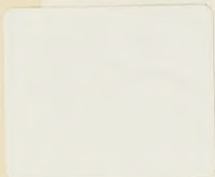
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THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

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FEBRUARY TENTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED  
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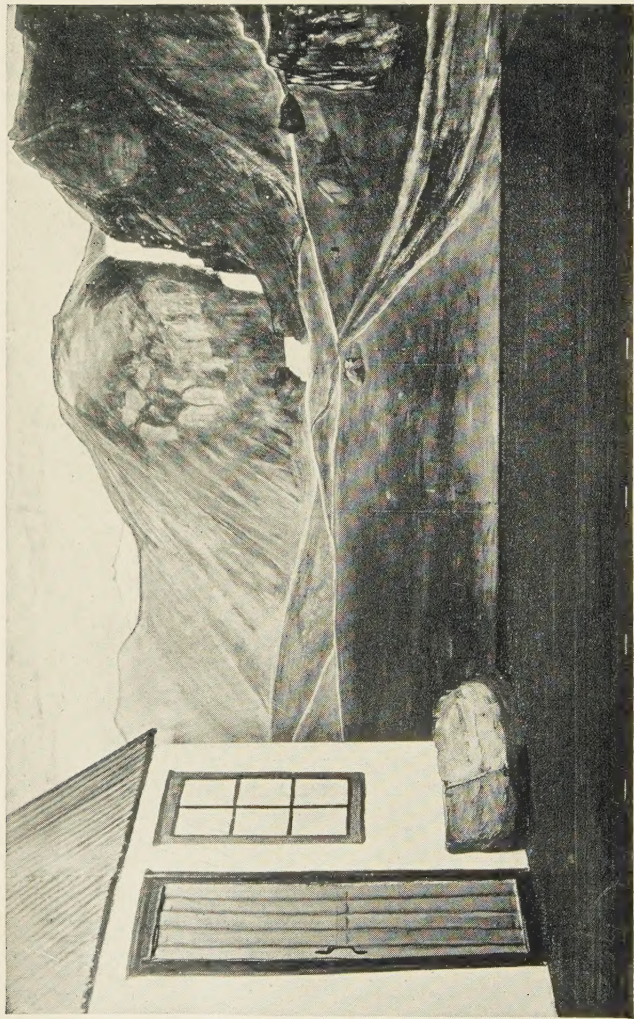


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The Quaint Cottage, the Snow-White Capped Mountain, the Tumbling Waterfall Were Painted in a Manner Which Brought Many Favorable Comments

# THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

BY

ALFRED G. ARVOLD

NORTH DAKOTA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE  
Fargo, North Dakota

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TO MY MOTHER  
WHOSE VISION CAUSED ME  
TO SEE BIG THINGS

161729



"THE THEATER IS A CRUCIBLE OF CIVILIZATION. IT  
IS A PLACE OF HUMAN COMMUNION. IT IS IN THE  
THEATER THAT THE PUBLIC SOUL IS FORMED."

*Victor Hugo.*



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THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER



## THE RAINDROPS

ONE day, about three weeks before the Christmas holidays, two young men came to see me. I shall never forget the incident because to me it marked one of the most fascinating episodes in the social life of country people. One of the young men was tall with broad shoulders and had light hair and grey eyes. The other was of medium height and had dark hair. His home was in Iceland. That they both had something important to say was evident from the expression on their faces. After a few moment's hesitation, they told me they had thought out an idea for a play. Both of them were brimful of enthusiasm in regard to it. Whether or not they could produce it was a question. An obstacle stood in the way. Most of the scenes

were laid in Iceland. And what playhouse or village hall, especially a country theater, ever owned any scenery depicting home life, snow-capped mountains, and landscapes in that far-away region? Above all, there was no money to buy any, either.

When told that they would have to paint the scenery themselves, they looked somewhat surprised. It is doubtful whether either of them had ever painted anything more than his mother's kitchen floor or perhaps whitewashed a fence or the interior of a barn. They finally decided to do the job. A painter was called over the phone who said he wouldn't charge the boys a cent for the colors if they painted the scene. Up in an attic of a building near by there was an old faded pink curtain that had been cast aside. It was thought to be no longer useful. Within twenty-four hours the curtain was brought over and hoisted, and the floor of the stage adjacent to the office was covered with paint pails, brushes, and water colors. With dogged determination they decided to finish the painting during the holiday vacation. A few minutes before midnight on



"Perhaps we will meet again like the raindrops."



## THE RAINDROPS

New Year's Eve the last stroke of the brush was made. The quaint cottage, the snow white-capped mountain, the tumbling waterfall and the steep ascending cliffs were painted in a manner which brought many favorable comments from competent art critics. The blending of the colors was magnificent. It was genuine art. The beauty of it all was that these two young men found that they could express themselves even on canvas.

Just as they had painted their scenery on the stage of the theater, so did they write their play, acting out each line before they put it in final form for presentation. Often they worked all night until four o'clock in the morning. They called their play "The Raindrops." The theme is told in the second act of the play. The scene represents the interior of an Icelandic home. It is evening. The family circle has gathered. Some are sewing and others knitting. The children want to hear a story. Sveinn, one of the characters in the play, finally says to them, "All right then, if you are quiet, I will tell you the story of the raindrops who met in the sky." And he narrates the follow-

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

ing which the children listen to with rapt attention.

"Once there were two raindrops away-way high up in the clouds. The sun had just lately smiled at them as they were playing in the big ocean, and his smile had drawn them up into the sky. Now as they danced and sported about in its radiance he decked them in all the bright and beautiful colors of the rainbow; and they were so happy over being rid of the dirt and salt that they almost forgot themselves for joy.

But somehow there seemed to be something that reminded them of the past. They felt as if they had met before. Finally one said, "Say, friend, haven't we met before?" "That is just what I've been thinking," said friend. "Where have you been, comrade?"

"I've been on the broad prairies on the west side of the big mountain that you see down there," answered comrade.

"Oh," said friend, "and I've been on the green slope on the east side of the mountain. I had a friend who fell at the same time as I did, and we were going to keep together, but

## THE RAINDROPS

unfortunately he fell on the other side of the ridge."

"That was too bad," said comrade, "the same thing happened to me but my friend fell on the east side just close to that stone you see down there."

"Why, that is just where I fell," said friend. This was enough—they could scarcely contain themselves with joy over meeting and recognizing one another again.

After they had danced one another around for a while, shaken hands a dozen times or more, and slapped one another on the back till they were all out of breath, friend said, "Now, comrade, tell me all about everything that has happened to you."

"And you'll have to tell me everything that you have seen," said comrade.

"Yes, I'll do that," said friend, and then comrade began:

"Well, I fell on the west side of that stone, as you know. At first I felt kind of bad, but I gradually got over it and began to move in the same direction as the others I saw around me. At first I could not move fast, for I was so

small that every little pebble blocked my road, but then the raindrops held a meeting and agreed to work together to help one another along and I joined the company to help form a pretty little brook. In this way we were able to push big stones out of our road and we were so happy that we laughed and played and danced in the sunlight which shone to the bottom of the brook, for we were not too many and we were all clean.

“Gradually more and more joined us till we became a big river. Nothing could any longer stand in our road and we became so proud of our strength that we tore up the earth and dug out a deep, deep path that everyone might see.

“But then our troubles began. We became so awfully dirty that the sun no longer reached any but those on top, while others were forced to stay in the dark. They groaned under the weight of those up higher, while at the same time they tore up from the bottom more and more filth.

“I wanted to get out of it all, but there didn’t seem to be any way. I tried to get up on the big, broad banks where all sorts of crops

## THE RAINDROPS

were growing, but I was met and carried back by others rushing on into the river, evidently without realizing where they were going. The current tossed me about, first in the sunshine and then in the depths of darkness, and I had no rest till at last I got into the great ocean. There I rested and washed off most of the dirt."

"I wish I could have seen the river," said friend, "but why didn't you spread out more, so as to help the crops on the plains and so that all might have sunlight?"

"I don't know," said comrade, "First we wanted to leave a deep path for others to see, and then later it seemed that we were helpless in the current that we ourselves had started. You must now tell me your story."

"Yes," said friend. "I fell on the east side of that stone, and when I couldn't find you I started east, because I saw the sun there. After a while I bumped into a great big stone which was right across my path. It was such an ugly thing that I got angry and said, 'Get out of my way, you ugly thing, or I'll get all the other raindrops together and roll you out of the road.'"

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

"Oh, no, do not do that," said the stone, "for I am sheltering a beautiful flower from the wind, but I'll lift myself up a little so you can crawl under."

"It was awfully dark and nasty and creepy under the stone, and I didn't like it a bit, but when I came out into the sunshine and saw the beautiful flowers on the other side I was glad that I hadn't spoiled their shelter."

" 'Isn't this lovely?' said a raindrop near me, 'let us go and look at all the flowers.' Then a crowd of raindrops that had gathered said, 'Let us spread out more and more and give them all a drink,' and we went among the flowers on the slope and in the valleys. As we watered them they smiled back at us till their smiles almost seemed brighter than the sunlight. When evening came we went down the little brooks over the waterfalls and hopped and danced in the eddy while we told one another about the things we had seen. There were raindrops from the glaciers and from the hot springs, from the lava fields and from the green grassy slopes, and from the lofty mountain peaks, where all the land could be

## THE RAINDROPS

seen. Then we went on together singing over the level plains and into the ocean.

For awhile neither one said anything. Then comrade spoke, "Yes, when I go back I'll get the others to go with me and we'll spread out more—and now I am going back. See the grain down there, how dry it is. Now I'm going to get the other raindrops to spread out over the plains and give all the plants a drink and in that way help everyone else."

"But see the flowers there on the slope on the east side," said friend. "They'll fade if I don't go down again to help them."

"We'll meet again," said both, as they dashed off to help the flowers and the grain.

The story ends. A pause ensues and Herdis, the old, old lady in the play says, "Yes, we are all raindrops."

It is a beautiful thought and exceptionally well worked out in the play. The raindrops are brothers. One's name is Sveinn. He lives in Iceland. The other is Snorri. His home is America. Snorri crosses the ocean to tell Sveinn about America. Upon his arrival he meets a girl named Asta and falls in love with

her, little thinking that she is the betrothed of his brother Sveinn. Asta is a beautiful girl. She has large blue eyes and light hair which she wears in a long braid over her left shoulder. In act three, when speaking to Asta, Snorri says, "Sometimes I think I am the rain-drop that fell on the other side of the ridge, and that my place may be there; but then I think of the many things I have learned to love here—the beautiful scenery, the midnight sun, the simple and unaffected manners of the people, their hospitality, and probably more than anything else some of the people I have come to know. A few of these especially I have learned to love."

It does not dawn upon Snorri that Asta has given her hand to his brother Sveinn until the fourth and last act of the play. The scene is a most impressive one. It was something the authors had painted themselves. At the right stands the quaint little sky-blue cottage, with its long corrugated tin roof. To the left, the stony cliffs rise. In the distance the winding road, the tumbling waterfall, and snow-capped mountain can be seen. Near the doorway of

the cottage there is a large rock on which Asta often sits in the full red glow of the midnight sun.

As the curtain goes up Snorri enters, looks at his watch, and utters these words, "They are all asleep, but I must see her to-night." He gently goes to the door, quietly raps, turns and looks at the scenery, and says: "How beautiful are these northern lights! I've seen them before stretching like a shimmering curtain across the northern horizon, with tongues of flame occasionally leaping across the heavens; but here they are above me, and all around me, till they light up the scene so that I can see even in the distance the rugged and snow-capped hills miles away. How truly the Icelandic nation resembles the country—like the old volcanoes which, while covered with a sheet of ice and snow, still have burning underneath, the eternal fires."

Asta then appears in the doorway and exclaims, "Snorri." After an exchange of greetings they sit down and talk. Snorri tells Asta of his love and finally asks her to become his wife. Asta is silent. She turns and looks at

the northern lights, then bows her head and with her hands carelessly thrown over her knees she tells him that it cannot be—that it is Sveinn.

Snorri arises, moves away, covers his face with his hands and exclaims, "Oh, God! I never thought of that. What a blind fool I have been!" As Asta starts to comfort him Sveinn appears in the doorway, sees them and starts to turn away, but in so doing makes a little noise. Snorri startled, quickly looks around and says, "Sveinn, come here. I have been blind; will you forgive me?" Then he takes Asta's hand and places it in Sveinn's, bids them good-by and starts to leave.

Sveinn says, "Snorri! Where are you going? You are not leaving us at this time of night, and in sorrow?"

"Snorri, returning, looks at the quaint little cottage, the waterfall, and then at Asta and Sveinn, pauses a moment, and says, "Perhaps we shall meet again—like the raindrops." The curtain falls and the play ends.

Neither of these young men who wrote the play ever had any ambition to become a play-

## THE RAINDROPS

wright, a scene painter, or an actor. To-day, one is a successful country-life worker in the great northwest. The other is interested in harnessing the water power which is so abundant in his native land.

When the play was presented, the audience sat spellbound, evidently realizing that two country lads had found hidden life forces in themselves which they never knew they possessed. All they needed, like thousands of others who live in the country and even in the city, was just a chance to express themselves.

Authors of play—M. Thorfinnson and E. Briem.



## COUNTRY FOLKS



## COUNTRY FOLKS

**T**HERE are literally millions of people in country communities to-day whose abilities along various lines have been hidden, simply because they have never had an opportunity to give expression to their talents. In many respects this lack of self-expression has been due to the social conditions existing in the country, the narrow-minded attitude of society toward those who till the soil, and the absence of those forces which seek to arouse the creative instincts and stimulate that imagination and initiative in country people which mean leadership.

Social stagnancy is a characteristic trait of the small town and the country. Community spirit is often at a low ebb. Because of the stupid monotony of the village and country existence, the tendency of the people young and

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

old is to move to larger centers of population. Young people leave the small town and the country because of its deadly dullness. They want Life. The emptiness of rural environment does not appeal to them. The attitude of mind of the country youth is best expressed by Gray in his "Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard" which runs as follows:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Many young people find the town and country dead simply because they crave fellowship and social enjoyment. When an afternoon local train passes through a certain section of any state, people gather at every station, some to meet their friends, others to bid their friends farewell, and dozens to see some form of life. With many it is the only excitement that enters their lives, except on extraordinary occasions. After the harvest many a country lad goes to the city to enjoy a feast of entertainment, in order to satisfy his social hunger.

A few years ago the national Department of

## COUNTRY FOLKS

Agriculture sent out hundreds of letters to country women, asking them what would make life in the country districts more attractive. Hundreds of the replies which were received from practically every section of America told the story of social starvation and the needs of country communities. One woman from Kansas in her reply wrote:

"We hope you can help us to consolidate schools and plan them under a commission of experts in school efficiency and community education. Through this commission we could arrange clubs, social unions, and social, instructive, and educational entertainments. We ought not to be compelled to go to town for doubtful amusements, but, rousing the civic pride of the community, have the best at home."

Another one from Wyoming in her letter stated that she thought the country child had the same right to culture and refinement as the city child. A woman whose home was in Massachusetts gave the following suggestions in her reply:

"On the side of overcoming the emptiness of rural life; articles suggesting courses of reading both along the line of better farming

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

and of subjects of public interest. Perhaps the wider use of the rural school or church for social centers, or for discussion by farmers, their wives, sons and daughters might be suggested."

A letter written from Florida contained the following:

"First, a community center where good lectures, good music, readings, and demonstrations might be enjoyed by all, a public library station. We feel if circulating libraries containing books that can be suggested on purity, hygiene, social service, and scientific instruction, that our women in the rural districts need to read for the protection of their children; also books on farming and poultry raising, botany, culture of flowers, and many other themes that will help them to discover the special charm and advantage of living in the pure air and being familiar with the beauties of nature and thereby make our people desire to stay on the farms."

A letter from Tennessee said: "Education is the first thing needed; education of every kind. Not simply agricultural education, although that has its place; not merely the primary training offered by the public schools in arithmetic, reading, grammar, etc. I mean the education that unfastens doors and opens up vistas; the education that includes travel, college, acquaintance with people of culture; the



Social Sagunay is a Characteristic Trait of the Small Town and the Country



education that makes one forget the drudgery of to-day in the hope of to-morrow. Sarah Barnwell Elliott makes a character in one of her stories say that the difference between himself (a mountaineer) and the people of the university town is 'vittles and seein' fur.' The language of culture would probably translate that into 'environment and vision.' It is the 'seein' fur' that farm women need most, although lots of good might be done by working some on the 'vittles.' Fried pork and sirup and hot biscuit and coffee have had a lot to do with the 'vision' of many a farmer and farmer's wife. A good digestion has much to do with our outlook on life. Education is such an end in itself, if it were never of practical use. But one needs it all on the farm and a thousand times more. 'Knowledge is power,' as I learned years ago from my copy book. But even if it were not, it is a solace for pain and a panacea for loneliness. You may teach us farm women to kill flies, stop eating pork, and ventilate our homes; but if you will put in us the thirst for knowledge you will not need to do these things. We will do them ourselves."

A note from North Carolina read something like this:

"The country woman needs education, recreation, and a better social life. If broad-minded, sensible women could be appointed to make monthly lectures at every public school-

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house throughout the country, telling them how and what to do, getting them together, and interesting them in good literature and showing them their advantages, giving good advice, something like a 'woman's department' in magazines, this would fill a great need in the life of country women. Increase our social life and you increase our pleasures, and an increase of pleasure means an increase of good work."

All these answers and many more show something of the social conditions in the country so far as women are concerned. In other words, older people desert the country because they want better living conditions and more social and educational advantages for themselves and their children. Moral degeneracy in the country, like the city, is usually due to lack of proper social recreation. When people have something healthful with which to occupy their minds, they scarcely ever think of wrongdoing. A noted student of social problems recently said that the barrenness of country life for the girl growing into womanhood, hungry for amusement, is one reason why so many girls in the country go to the city. Students of science attribute the cause of many of the cases of insanity among country people to loneliness

## COUNTRY FOLKS

and monotony. That something fundamental must be done along social lines in the country communities in order to help people find themselves, nobody will dispute. Already mechanical devices, transportation facilities, and methods of communication have done much to eliminate the drudgery, to do away with isolation, and to make country life more attractive.

An influence which has done a good deal to stifle expression in country people has been the narrow-minded attitude certain elements in society have taken toward those who till the soil. When these elements have wanted to belittle their city friends' intelligence or social standing, they have usually dubbed them "old farmers." Briefly stated, the quickest way to insult a man's thinking power or social position has been to give him the title "farmer." The world has not entirely gotten over the "Hey-Rube" idea about those who produce civilization's food supply. A certain stigma is still attached to the vocation. As a group, country people have in many places been socially ostracized for centuries. A social barrier still exists between the city-bred girl and the

country-bred boy. As a result, all these things have had a tendency to destroy the country man's pride in his profession. This has weakened his morale and his one ambition has been to get out of something in which he cannot be on an equal with other people, and consequently he has retired. Goldsmith in "The Deserted Village" hit the nail on the head when he said:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

To be an honest tiller of the soil, to be actively engaged in feeding humanity, should be one of the noblest callings known to mankind and carry with it a social prestige. The Chinese Emperor used to plow a furrow of land once a year to stamp his approval upon agriculture. The reason Washington, Lincoln, Justin Morrill, and Roosevelt became so keenly interested in country life was that they saw the significance of it and its importance to the world. George Washington was a farmer, a country gentleman. Mount Vernon is a

country estate, a large farm. The father of our country believed that a great country people was the basic foundation of a great America. Thomas Jefferson once said, "The chosen people are those who till the soil." When you ridicule any people, they are not likely to express their talents and the finer instincts which lie hidden in them. A weak rural morale eventually means rural decay. The heart of rural America will never beat true until society looks upon agriculture as a life, as something to get into and not steer away from or get out of its environment.

Another factor which has retarded the expression of the hidden abilities of those who live in the small towns and country communities has been the absence of any force which seeks to arouse the creative instincts and to stimulate the imagination and initiative. Even to-day, those agencies in charge of country-life problems, as well as city life, direct very little of their energies into channels which give color and romance and a social spirit to these folks. The most interesting part of any country community or neighborhood is the people who live

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

in it. Unless they are satisfied with their condition, it is little use to talk better farming. A retired farmer is usually one who is dissatisfied with country life. A social vision must be discovered in the country, that will not only keep great men who are country born in the country, but also attract others who live in the cities.

The impulse to build up a community spirit in a rural neighborhood may come from without, but the true genuine work of making country life more attractive must come from within. The country people themselves must work out their own civilization. A country town or district must have an individuality or mind of its own. The mind of a community is the mind of the people who live in it. If they are big and broad and generous, so is the community. Folks are folks, whether they live in the city or country. In most respects their problems are identical.

It is a natural condition for people to crave self-expression. In years gone by men who have been born and reared on the farm have left it and gone to the city, in order to find a

## COUNTRY FOLKS

place for the expression of their talents. This migration has done more to hinder than to set forward the cause of civilization. People who live in the country must find their true expression in their respective neighborhoods, just as much as do people who live in the city. You cannot continually take everything out of the country and cease to put anything back into it. The city has always meant expression—the country, repression. Talent usually goes to the congested centers of population to express itself. For generations when a young man or woman has had superior ability along some particular line and lived in the country, their friends have always advised them to move to a large center of population where their talents would find a ready expression. You and I, for instance, who have encouraged them to go hither, have never thought that we were sacrificing the country to build the city. This has been a mistake. We all know it.

Over fifty years ago a country doctor became the father of two boys. In age they were five years apart. The doctor brought them up well and sent them away to a medical school.

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

Unlike most country-bred boys who go to large cities, when they finished their courses they went back to the old home town and began their practice. By using their creative instincts, organizing power, imagination, and initiative, it was not long before they became nationally known. People call their establishment "the clinic in the cornfields." To-day these "country doctors" treat over fifty thousand patients. Their names are known wherever medical science is known. Railroads run special sleepers hundreds of miles to their old home town in Olmstead County, Minnesota, which, by the way, is one of the richest agricultural counties in America. The great big thing about these two men is that they found an opportunity for the expression of their talents in a typical country community. They didn't go to a large city, they made thousands of city people come to them.

Conservatively speaking, there are over ten thousand small towns in America to-day. More than ten million people live in them. These communities are often meeting places for the millions whose homes are in the open country.

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

Rural folks still think of a community as that territory with its people which lies within the team haul of a given center. It is out in these places where the silent common people dwell. It is in these neighborhood laboratories that a new vision of country life is being developed. They are the cradles of democracy. It is here that a force is necessary to democratize art so the common people can appreciate it, science so they can use it, government so they can take a part in it, and recreation so they can enjoy it.

The former Secretary of Agriculture aptly expressed the importance of the problem when he said:

“The real concern in America over the movement of rural population to urban centers is whether those who remain in agriculture after the normal contribution to the city are the strong, intelligent, well seasoned families, in which the best traditions of agriculture and citizenship have been lodged from generation to generation. The present universal cry of ‘keep the boy on the farm’ should be expanded into a public sentiment for making country life more attractive in every way. When farming is made profitable and when the better things of life are brought in increasing measure to the rural community, the great motives which lead

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

youth and middle age to leave the country districts will be removed. In order to assure a continuance of the best strains of farm people in agriculture, there can be no relaxation of the present movements for a better country life, economic, social, and educational."

THE LAND OF THE DACOTAHS



## THE LAND OF THE DACOTAHS

A SKILLED physician when he visits a sick room always diagnoses the case of the patient before he administers a remedy. In order to comprehend thoroughly the tremendous significance the Land of the Dacotahs bears in its relation to the solution of the problem of country life in America, one must know something about the commonwealth and its people.

North Dakota is a prairie state. Its land area comprises seventy-one thousand square miles of a rich black soil equal in its fertility to the deposits at the delta of the River Nile in Egypt. There are over forty million acres of tillable land. The state has one of the largest undeveloped lignite coal areas in the world.

Its climate is invigorating. The air is dry and wholesome. The summer months are de-

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lightful. The fields of golden grain are inviting. The winters, on the other hand, are long and dreary, and naturally lonely. People are prone to judge the climate of the state by its blizzards. Those who do, forget this fact—a vigorous climate always develops a healthy and vigorous people. No geographical barriers break the monotony of the lonesome prairie existence. A deadly dullness hovers over each community.

The population of the state is distinctly rural. Over seventy per cent of the people live in un-incorporated territory. Seven out of every eight persons are classed as rural. The vocation of the masses is agriculture. Everybody, everywhere, every day in the state talks agriculture. At the present time there are about two hundred towns with less than five hundred inhabitants.

One of the most interesting characteristics of this prairie commonwealth is its population. They are a sturdy people, strong in heart and broad in mental vision. The romance of the Indian and the cowboy, the fur-trader and the trapper, has been the theme of many an inter-

esting tale. The first white settler, who took a knife and on bended knee cut squares of sod and built a shanty and faced long hard winters on this northern prairie, is a character the whole world loves and honors. Several years ago an old schoolmaster, whose home is not so very far from Minnehaha Falls, delivered a "Message to the Northwest" which typifies the spirit of these people. He said in part:

"I am an old man now, and have seen many things in the world. I have seen this great country that we speak of as the Northwest, come, in my lifetime, to be populous and rich. The forest has fallen before the pioneer, the field has blossomed, and the cities have risen to greatness. If there is anything that an old man eighty years of age could say to a people among whom he has spent the happiest days of his life, it is this: We live in the most blessed country in the world. The things we have accomplished are only the beginning. As the years go on, and always we increase our strength, our power, and our wealth, we must not depart from the simple teachings of our youth. For the moral fundamentals are the same and unchangeable. Here in the Northwest we shall make a race of men that shall inherit the earth. Here in the distant years, when I and others who have labored with me

shall long have been forgotten, there will be a power in material accomplishment, in spiritual attainment, in wealth, strength, and moral influence, the like of which the world has not yet seen. This I firmly believe. And the people of the Northwest, moving ever forward to greater things, will accomplish all this as they adhere always to the moral fundamentals, and not otherwise."

The twenty-odd nationalities who live in the Dacotahs came from lands where folklore was a part of their everyday life. Many a Norseman—and there are nearly two hundred thousand people of Scandinavian origin, Norwegians, Danes, Swedes, and Icelanders, in the state—knows the story of Ole Bull, the famous violinist, who when a lad used to take his instrument, go out in the country near the waterfalls, listen attentively to the water as it rushed over the abyss, then take his violin, place it under his chin, and draw the bow across the strings, to see whether he could imitate the mysterious sounds. Most of these Norse people live in the northern and eastern section of the state. The hundred thousand citizens whose ancestors came from the British Isles—the English, the Welsh, the Scotch, the Irish,

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and the Canadians—know something of Shakespeare and Synge and Bobbie Burns. Ten years ago there were sixty thousand people of Russian descent and forty-five thousand of Teutonic origin in the state. They were acquainted with Tolstoy and Wagner. Greeks, Italians, and Turks, besides many other nationalities, live in scattered sections of the state. In fact, seventy-two per cent of the citizens of the state are either foreign born or of foreign descent. All these people came originally from countries whose civilizations are much older than our own. All have inherited a poetry, a drama, an art, a life in their previous national existence, which, if brought to light through the medium of some great American ideal and force, would give to the state and the country a rural civilization such as has never been heard of in the history of the world. All these people are firm believers in American ideals.

One excellent feature in connection with the life of the people who live in Hiawatha's Land of the Dacotahs is their attitude toward education. They believe that knowledge is power. Out on these prairies they have erected school-

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

houses for the training of their youth. To-day there are nearly five hundred consolidated schools in the state. One hundred and fifty of these are in the open country, dozens of which are many miles from any railroad. Twenty-three per cent of the state area is served by this class of schools. Much of the social life of a community is centered around the school, the church, the village or town hall, and the home. The greater the number of activities these institutions indulge in for the social and civic betterment of the whole community, the more quickly the people find themselves and become contented with their surroundings.

In most respects, however, North Dakota is not unlike other states. People there are actually hungry for social recreation. The prairies are lonely in the winter. Thousands of young men and women whose homes are in rural communities, when asked what they wanted out in the country most, have responded, "More Life." The heart hunger of folks for other folks is just the same there as everywhere.

THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER



## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

WITH a knowledge of these basic facts in mind, as well as a personal acquaintance with hundreds of young men and women whose homes are in small communities and country districts, the idea of The Little Country Theater was conceived by the author. A careful study of hundreds and literally thousands of requests received from every section of the state, as well as of America and from many foreign countries, for suitable material for presentation on public programs and at public functions, showed the necessity of a country life laboratory to test out various kinds of programs.

The idea conceived became an actual reality when an old, dingy, dull-grey chapel on the second floor of the administration building at the North Dakota Agricultural College,

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

located at Fargo, North Dakota, was remodeled into what is now known as "The Little Country Theater." It was opened the tenth day of February in the year nineteen hundred and fourteen. In appearance it is most fascinating. It is simply a large playhouse put under a reducing glass. It is just the size of an average country town hall. It has a seating capacity of two hundred. The stage is thirty feet in width, twenty feet in depth, having a proscenium opening of ten feet in height and fifteen feet in width. There are no boxes and balconies. The decorations are plain and simple.

The color scheme is green and gold, the gold predominating. Three beams finished in golden oak cross the mansard ceiling, the beams projecting down several feet on each side wall, from which frosted light bowls and globes are suspended by brass log chains, the indirect lighting giving a soft and subdued tone to the whole theater. The eight large windows are hung with tasteful green draperies. The curtain is a tree-shade green velour. The birch-stained seats are broad and not crowded to-





An Old Dingy, Dull-Grey Chapel on the Second Floor of the Administration Building was Remodeled Into What Is Now Known  
as The Little Country Theater

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gether. There is a place for a stereopticon and a moving picture machine. The scenery is simple and plain. Whenever possible, green curtains are used. Simplicity is the keynote of the theater. It is an example of what can be done with hundreds of village halls, unused portions of school houses, vacant country stores and basements of country churches in communities.

There are three unique features in connection with The Little Country Theater which deserve special mention—the tower, the attic or “hayloft,” and the package library system.

The tower is just to the right of the lower end of the stage. It, too, is plain and simple. It is used as a study and contains materials gathered from all over the world on the social side of country life.

The attic is to the left of the stage and up a flight of stairs. It was formerly an old garret. For over twenty years it was unused. It is the workshop of the theater and contains committee rooms, dressing rooms, a property room, a costume wardrobe, a small kitchen, and a dining room which will comfortably seat

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seventy-five persons. In many respects it corresponds to the basement of a community building, a church, or an addition tacked on to a village hall. It is often used for an exhibit hall or a scenic studio. In short, The Little Country Theater is a typical rural community center, a country-life laboratory. One significant feature about this experimental laboratory is that the birch-stained seats, the green curtains, the scenic effects, the stage properties, the five hundred costumes, the furniture, the dishes, and all the other necessities have been bought with funds taken in from entertainments and plays, thereby demonstrating that any community can do the same. Endowments in the country are always difficult to raise.

Twelve years ago a country school-teacher sent in a request for some program material. Three personal copies of plays were sent to her, one of which she staged. It was not very long before others heard where she secured her data and many inquiries followed. Out of this request, together with an acquaintance with an old, white-haired man who had just started a similar system at a leading western university,

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the package library idea came into existence. It is a sort of an intellectual rural free delivery. One might call it the backbone of The Little Country Theater. In order to understand thoroughly the importance of the service which the system renders it will be necessary to say something about the aim of the work, its scope, how the data is gathered, and the practical results already obtained.

The aim of the package library system is to vitalize all the sources of information which can be used for material for presentation on public programs. Its chief object is to make the schools, the churches, the homes, and the village or town halls, centers of community activity where men and women and their children, young and old, can meet just to talk over things, to find out the normal human life forces and life processes, and really to discover themselves.

The field of work is the state and its people. The scope of the service is broad. Any individual or group of people in the state can obtain program material simply by writing and asking for it.

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In order to render the best aid possible, the system gathers data and information from reliable sources. Briefs upon subjects relating to country life, copies of festivals, pageants, plays, readings, dialogues, pictures of floats, parades, processions, exhibit arrangements, costume designs, character portrayals, plans of stages, auditoriums, open-air theaters, community buildings, constitutions of all kinds of organizations, catalogues of book publishers—in short, every kind of material necessary in building a program which will help people to express themselves—are loaned for reading purposes to citizens of the state. A few minutes' talk with anybody interested in getting up programs in small communities will soon show the dearth of material along these lines.

In the years gone by, as well as in the present, the letters which come to the desk daily have told many an interesting story.

An energetic teacher in a country school in the northern part of the state sent for several copies of plays and play catalogues. None of the plays sent suited her. She decided to give an original play, "The Comedy." When

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asked for a description of the staging of the original production, she sent the following letter, which is indicative of what people really can do in the country to find themselves.

"When I wrote to you about 'The Comedy,' I do not know what idea I gave you of it; perhaps not a very true one; so I am sending you a copy. The little song is one I learned from a victrola record, so the music may not be correct, but with a little originality, can be used. The little play has the quality of making the people expect something extraordinary, but when performed, the parts are funny, but still not funny enough to produce a 'roar.' They are remembered and spoken of long afterwards. Now around here we often hear parts spoken of. I enjoyed training the young people, and they were quite successful. I have found that every place I go people in the country enjoy the school programs very much and speak of them often. We wanted to take some pictures, but could not. The weather was so cloudy before and afterward that we could not take any, but may this Sunday afternoon. I wish I knew just what to write about or just what you wish to know. I liked our arrangements of lights. We only had lanterns. A dressing room was curtained off and the rest of the space clear. We hung four lanterns in a row, one below the other, and had one standing on the floor at the side opposite from the

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dressng room, and then one on the floor and one held by the man who pulled the curtain on the other side. This gave splendid light. There was no light near the audience except at the organ.

"Hoping you will enjoy reading 'The Comedy' as much as we did playing and writing it, I am

"Yours sincerely,  
"A. K."

There is something very human about a letter when it solicits your personal help and suggestions. To quote from several of the thousands received will not only show the need for the package library, because of the scarcity of material in small towns and the country, but also give an insight into the mind of the people themselves.

"Barton, N. D., October 23, 1911.

"Gentlemen:—Would you kindly send a copy of the following plays: Corner Store, The Deestrick Skule, Country Romance, Pa's Picnic, A Rival by Request, School for Scandal, Tempest in a Tea-pot, Which is Which.

"I wish to get up an entertainment in my school and wish you could help me select a play which would not require too much room and too many actors. Will return the ones I do

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not use immediately. Any favor which you may render will be greatly appreciated.

“Very respectfully,  
“E. S.”

“Gilby, N. D., Jan. 18, 1912.

“Dear Sir:—

“Will you please forward your list of amateur plays. We are about to stage the annual H. S. play, and find it rather difficult to select a play not too sentimental in characters. We would like one for 5-7 boys and 5-8 girls. Our hall is small with cramped stage room, and the scene must be quite simple. If you have any suggestions to offer or any sample play to forward for examination, will you kindly let us know as soon as possible.

“Yours very truly,  
“E. F. L.”

Ross, N. D., Jan. 22, 1913.

“Dear Sir:—

“Enclosed find plays, also stamps to cover mailing expenses.

“Please send me the following amateur plays: Exerbiton of District Skule, Mock Trial, Scrap of Paper, Sugar and Cream. Please send also the following as listed under package libraries: Manual Training, School House as an Art Gallery, School House as a Social Center, Fireless Cooker.

“Yours truly,  
“M. C.”

THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

"Backoo, N. D., Jan. 24, 1914.

"Dear Sir:—

"I rec'd the packet of information on Country Life and will return it after our next meeting the 27th. Can you send me two or three dialogues suitable for a Literary Society in a rural district. We have 6 or 8 young ladies that might take part but very few young men. And will you suggest a few subjects for debate of interest and benefit to a country community.

"Yours truly,

"J. B. P."

"Austin, N. D., Feb. 11, 1914.

"Gentlemen:—

"I should be very glad if you could send me a short play of say 30 or 45 minutes length as you mentioned in Nov. We are using the schoolhouse as a meeting place and so have not much room on the stage. Could use one requiring from 4 to 8 characters.

"Yours truly,

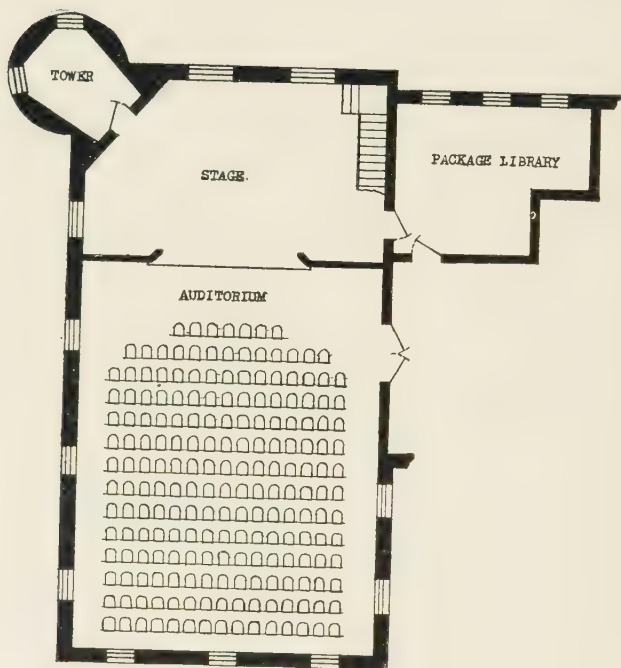
"H. W. B."

"Verona, N. D., Feb. 14, 1915.

"Dear Mr. ———:

"While to-day the blizzard rages outside—inside, thanks largely to yours and your department's work, many of us will be felicitously occupied with the mental delights of literary preparation and participation. Our society is thriving splendidly. Last Friday another sim-





It Has a Seating Capacity of Two Hundred

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

ilar society was started in the country north of here. Went out and helped them organize. They named their club the Greenville Booster Club. Some of the leading lights are of the country's most substantial farmers. Suggest that you send literature on club procedure to their program committee. This community, both town and country north, has for the past many years been the scene of much senseless strife over town matters, school matters, etc.

"I believe the dawn of an era of good feeling is at hand. These get-together clubs are bound to greatly facilitate matters that way. At their next meeting I am on their debate and supposed to get up a paper to read on any topic I choose, besides. Now with carrying the mail, writing for our newspaper, practicing and singing with the M. E. choir, also our literary male quartet, to say nothing of debating and declaiming and writing for two literaries my time is all taken up. Could you find me something suitable for a reading?

"Sincerely yours,

"A. B."

"Regan, N. Dak., Nov. 30, 1917.

"Mr. A. ———:

"My sister sent to you for some plays which we are returning. We put on 'The Lonelyville Social Club' after ten days' practice and cleared \$39.10 in Regan and \$93.00 when we played it last night in Wilton. It took well

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and we are much pleased with our effort. The proceeds go to the Red Cross.

"Thanking you most sincerely, I am

"V. C. P. (and the rest of the troop)."

"Hensel, N. D., Mar. 15, 1918.

"Dear Friend:

"I received the paint which you sent me. I thank you very much for it, it certainly came in handy. Do you need it back or if not how much does it cost? I would rather buy it if you can spare it.

"The play was a success. We had a big crowd everywhere. Everybody seemed to like it. Some proclaimed it to be the best home talent play they had seen. We have played it four times. Whether we play more has not been decided.

"Yours truly,

"A. H."

"Overly, N. D., Mar. 21, 1918.

"Gentlemen:—

"Have you any book from the library that would help with a Patriotic entertainment to be given in this community for the benefit of the Red Cross? If you can offer suggestions also, we will appreciate it.

"Thanking you, I am, truly yours,

"G. L. D."





The Package Library System

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

"Lansford, N. D., May 25, 1920.

"Dear Mr. A.:

"As a teacher in a rural school I gave a program at our school on last Saturday evening. We had an audience of about seventy-five people and they simply went wild over our program. Our school has an enrollment of four girls, being the only school in the county where only girls are enrolled and also the smallest school in the county. Our program lasted two hours and twenty minutes and was given by the four girls.

"We have been asked to give our entertainment in the hall in Lansford. Now I want to ask you for a suggestion. Don't you think that in a make-up for 'grandmothers' that blocking out teeth and also for making the face appear wrinkled would improve the parts in which grandmothers take part?

"Would it be possible for you to send me the things necessary as I would like to get them as soon as possible and do not know where to send for them. If you can get them for me I shall send the money also postage, etc., as soon as I receive them.

"Trusting that this will not inconvenience you greatly, I remain,

"Very truly yours,

"E. B."

It is not an uncommon occurrence to get a long distance call at eleven o'clock at night

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from someone two or three hundred miles away, asking for information. Telegrams are a common thing. Conferences with people who come from different communities for advice are frequent. The tower, the attic, and the package library are an integral part of the theater.

The aim of The Little Country Theater is to produce such plays and exercises as can be easily staged in a country schoolhouse, the basement of a country church, the sitting room of a farm home, the village or town hall, or any place where people assemble for social betterment. Its principal function is to stimulate an interest in good clean drama and original entertainment among the people living in the open country and villages, in order to help them find themselves, that they may become better satisfied with the community in which they live. In other words, its real purpose is to use the drama and all that goes with the drama as a force in getting people together and acquainted with each other, in order that they may find out the hidden life forces of nature itself. Instead of making the drama a luxury for the classes, its aim is to make it an instru-

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ment for the enlightenment and enjoyment of the masses.

In a country town nothing attracts so much attention, proves so popular, pleases so many, or causes so much favorable comment as a home talent play. It is doubtful whether Sir Horace Plunkett ever appreciated the significance of the statement he once made when he said that the simplest piece of amateur acting or singing done in the village hall by one of the villagers would create more enthusiasm among his friends and neighbors than could be excited by the most consummate performance of a professional in a great theater where no one in the audience knew or cared for the performer. Nothing interests people in each other so much as habitually working together. It's one way people find themselves. A home talent play not only affords such an opportunity, but it also unconsciously introduces a friendly feeling in a neighborhood. It develops a community spirit because it is something everybody wants to make a success, regardless of the local jealousies or differences of opinion. When

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

a country town develops a community consciousness, it satisfies its inhabitants.

The drama is a medium through which America must inevitably express its highest form of democracy. When it can be used as an instrument to get people to express themselves, in order that they may build up a bigger and better community life, it will have performed a real service to society. When the people who live in the small community and the country awaken to the possibilities which lie hidden in themselves through the impulse of a vitalized drama, they will not only be less eager to move to centers of population, but will also be a force in attracting city folks to dwell in the country. The monotony of country existence will change into a newer and broader life.

If The Little Country Theater can inspire people in country districts to do bigger things in order that they may find themselves, it will have performed its function. It is the Heart of a Prairie, dedicated to the expression of the emotions of country people everywhere and in all ages.

THE HEART OF A PRAIRIE



## THE HEART OF A PRAIRIE

PEOPLE are more or less influenced by their emotions. What matters is not so much what persons think about certain things as how they feel toward them. Thought and emotion usually go hand in hand. One is essential to the other. It is through the heart of a people that emotions are expressed. For centuries the drama has been the great heart strength through which humanity expresses its higher and finer instincts. Its power to sway the feelings of mankind by seeking to find out the hidden life forces in us all can never be overestimated. It is through the drama that people learn to interpret human nature, its weakness and its strength. The sad and the happy, the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, the young and the old, those with many different ideas and ideals see their actions reflected in this mirror. The supreme duty of

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

society is to point out the way to its citizens, whether they live in the country or in the city, to live happy and useful lives. In this respect the drama plays an important rôle. As Victor Hugo once said, "The theater is a crucible of civilization. It is a place of human communion. It is in the theater that the public soul is formed."

In the early generations of the world it was the only form of human worship. The Shepherds of the Nile conceived a sacred play in which the character "the God of the Overflow" foretold by means of dramatic expression the period of the flooding of the valley. The Vedic poets sang their songs in the land of the Five Rivers of India. The Hebrews expressed their religious philosophy through a democratic festival called the Feast of Tabernacles. The country people who made Rome their center celebrated the ingathering of their food with a festival called the Cerealia. The Festival of Demeter was a characteristic play of the early Greeks. The country people of the Orient had ritualistic dramas dealing with animal and plant life. The Incas, the Indians of Peru,

## THE HEART OF A PRAIRIE

worshiped at the Altars of Corn. In the realm of nature, Ceres, the goddess of grains, Mother Earth, Pomona, the goddess of fruits, Persephone, emblematical of the vegetable world, Flora, the goddess of flowers, Apollo, the sun god, and Neptune the god of water, have been the theme of many a dramatic story. All these ceremonies and many more not only signify the wide usage of this art in every age and every part of the world, but also unfold tremendous possibilities for future pageant, play, and pantomime among country people. If civilization's sense of appreciation could be aroused to see the hidden beauties of field and forest and stream—of God's great out of doors—men and women and children would flock to the countryside. The drama is one of the many agencies which seeks to stimulate this sense of appreciation. It deals with human problems by means of appeals to the emotions.

The absence of a vision in many country communities has been one of the chief causes for their backwardness, their dullness, and their monotony. When the country develops a robust social mind, one that appeals because of

the bigness of the theme, it is then that life in the open and on the soil will become attractive. The lure of the white way will pass like ships at night. That a new light seems to be breaking is evidenced by the establishment of consolidated schools, community buildings, and country parks. These and other social institutions, together with better means of communication and transportation, materially assist in the solution of the country life problems. A country district must be active and not passive if it would interest the young and even the old.

If the drama can serve as just one of the mediums to get the millions of country people here and elsewhere to express themselves in order that they may find themselves there is no telling what big things will happen in the generations to come. If, as has often been said, agriculture is the mother of civilization, then every energy of a people and every agency dramatic and otherwise, should be bent to make that life eventful and interesting from every angle. The function of The Little Country Theater is to reveal the inner life of the country community in all its color and romance,

## THE HEART OF A PRAIRIE

especially in its relation to the solution of the problems in country life. It aims to interpret the life of the people of the state, which is the life of genuine American country folks.



## CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENTS



## CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENTS

**W**HILE still in its infancy, the work of The Little Country Theater has already more than justified its existence. It has produced many festivals, pageants, and plays and has been the source of inspiration to scores of country communities. One group of young people from various sections of the state, representing five different nationalities, Scotch, Irish, English, Norwegian, and Swede, successfully staged "The Fatal Message," a one-act comedy by John Kendrick Bangs. Another cast of characters from the country presented "Cherry Tree Farm," an English comedy, in a most acceptable manner. An illustration to demonstrate that a home talent play is a dynamic force in helping people find themselves was afforded in the production of "The Country Life Minstrels" by an organ-

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

ization of young men coming entirely from the country districts. The story reads like a fairy tale. The club decided to give a minstrel show. At the first rehearsal nobody possessed any talent, except one young man. He could clog. At the second rehearsal, a tenor and a mandolin player were discovered. At the third, several other good voices were found, a quartet and a twelve piece band were organized. When the show was presented, twenty-eight different young men furnished a variety of acts equal to a first class professional company. They all did something and entered into the entertainment with a splendid spirit. "Leonarda," a play by Bjornstjerne Bjornson with Norwegian music between acts, made an excellent impression.

Perhaps the most interesting incident that has occurred in connection with the work in this country life laboratory was the staging of a tableau, "A Farm Home Scene in Iceland Thirty Years Ago," by twenty young men and women of Icelandic descent whose homes are in the country districts of North Dakota. The tableau was very effective. The scene repre-



A Farm Home Scene in Iceland Thirty Years Ago



## CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENTS

sented an interior sitting room of an Icelandic home. The walls were whitewashed. In the rear of the room was a fireplace. The old grandfather was seated in an armchair near the fireplace reading a story in the Icelandic language. About the room were several young ladies dressed in Icelandic costumes busily engaged in spinning yarn and knitting, a favorite pastime in their home. On a chair at the right was a young man with a violin, playing selections by an Icelandic composer. Through the small windows rays of light representing the midnight sun and the northern lights were thrown. Every detail of their home life was carried out, even to the serving of coffee with lumps of sugar. Just before the curtain fell, twenty young people, all of Icelandic descent, joined in singing the national Icelandic song, which has the same tune as "America." The effect of the tableau was tremendous. It served as a force in portraying the life of one of the many nationalities represented in the state.

When "The Servant in the House" by Charles Rann Kennedy was presented, it was

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

doubtful in my mind whether a better Manson and Mary ever played the parts. Both the persons who took the characters were country born. Their interpretation was superb, their acting exceptional. In fact, all the characters were well done. Three crowded houses greeted the play.

An alert and aggressive young man from one part of the state who witnessed several productions in the theater one winter was instrumental in staging a home talent play in the empty hayloft of a large barn during the summer months. The stage was made of barn floor planks. The draw curtain was an old, rain-washed binder cover. Ten barn lanterns hung on a piece of fence wire furnished the border lights. Branches of trees were used for a background on the stage. Planks resting on old boxes and saw-horses were made into seats. A Victrola served as an orchestra. About a hundred and fifty people were in attendance at the play. The folks evidently liked the play, for they gave the proceeds to a baseball team.

Every fall harvest festivals are given in dif-



SCENE—"Leonarda" *By Björnstjerne Björnson*



## CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENTS

ferent sections of the state, with the sole purpose of showing the splendid dramatic possibilities in the field of agriculture. A feature in one given a few years ago is deserving of special mention. Country people in North Dakota raise wheat. The state is often called the bread basket of the world. A disease called black rust often infests the crop and causes the loss of many bushels. In order to depict the danger of this disease, a pantomime called "The Quarrel Scene between Black Rust and Wheat" was worked out. The character representing Wheat was taken by a beautiful fair-haired girl dressed in yellow, with a miniature sheaf of grain tucked in her belt. The costume worn by Black Rust was coal-colored cambric. The face was made up to symbolize death. Wheat entered and, free from care, moved gracefully around. Black Rust stealthily crept in, pursued, and threatened to destroy Wheat. Just about the time Wheat was ready to succumb, Science came to the rescue and drove Black Rust away. Wheat triumphed. Several thousand people saw this wonderful story unfolded in the various places where it

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was presented. Everybody caught the significance of it at once.

Just the other day a farmer from Divide County who had planned a consolidated schoolhouse came to the theater, in order to find out how to install a stage "so the people in his community could enjoy themselves" as he put it. Divide County is some three hundred miles from The Little Country Theater.

One young man from the northwestern part of the state wrote me a letter well worth reading. He said in part:

"Dear Sir:—I thought you might like to know how we came out on the play 'Back to the Farm,' so I am writing to tell you of the success we had.

"In the first place we had a director-general who didn't believe in doing things by halves. For nearly a month we rehearsed three times a week. That means after the day's work was done we ate a hasty supper, hurried through the chores, cranked up the Ford and 'beat it' to rehearsal. And when we did give it we didn't waste our efforts in a little schoolhouse with a stage consisting of a carpet on the floor and a sheet hung on a wire for the curtain. Nix! We had an outfit that any theater in a fair sized town might well be proud of.

## CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENTS

"Well, we had a full house and then some, they even came from Minot fifty miles north of here and from other neighboring towns. After it was over we got all kinds of press notices, nice complimentary ones, too. Our fame even went as far as Washburn and the County Supt. of Schools asked us to come down and give it at the Teachers' Institute, Nov. 4, to give the teachers an idea what could be done in other communities y'see? We didn't go though, didn't have any way to pay expenses as he wanted to give it free. However, we went to Garrison, Ryder, Parshall, Makoti and drew a full house every time except once and that was due to insufficient advertising, only two days. We collected enough money to buy chairs and other furnishings for our new 'Little Country Theater' and also the salary of an instructor to our orchestra we are just starting.

"Our stage is surely 'great.' The wings, interior set and arch are made of beaver board, with frames of scantling, the frame of the arch, however, is not scantling, but two by fours. It is all made in such a manner that it can be knocked down and packed away, when we wish to use the building for basketball or other games. The back drop is the most beautiful landscape I have ever seen, a real work of art.

"The front drop curtain is what made it possible for us to get the entire outfit. It has the ad of nearly every business man in Ryder

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

and represents something like \$240. The complete stage cost us \$200 so we still had some left over.

"The theater which is not yet completed is in the basement of the new brick consolidated school. It will be steam heated and later electric lighted, two dressing rooms back of the stage, and well I guess that's enough for a while. The auditorium will be about 19 x 40 ft.

"Now I believe what we can do others can do as we are only an ordinary community, our director was a college graduate with a lot of pep and push, that's all.

"Do you ever loan out any of your scenery? Another party who has 'caught the fever,' is going to try the same stunt with modifications. I am getting to be a sort of an unofficial agent for your Extension Div. as people here are getting interested in these 'doin's' so don't be surprised if you get a letter from us now and then.

"Yours truly,

"A. R."

When "The Little Red Mare," a one-act farce was given, Hugh's father came down to see me and tell me that if there was anything needed in the country it was more life and good entertainments for the young people. He was

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a very interesting character and a bit philosophical. When I told him about the mistakes made in the work, he pulled out a lead pencil, placed it between his fat thumb and finger and looking straight at me said, "if it wasn't for mistakes we'd never have rubbers on the ends of our pencils." His son, Hugh, who took the character of the old deaf fellow in the play, did a superb piece of acting.

Over in the village of Amenia they have a country theater. It is located on the second floor up over a country store, and has a seating capacity of about one hundred and seventy-five people. The stage is medium size. The curtain is a green draw curtain. The lighting system is unique, containing border lights, foot lights, house lights, and a dimmer. The plays selected and produced are only the best. One villager said he never thought plays would change the spirit of the community so much.

Up near Kensal, North Dakota, about four miles out from the town, the McKinley Farmers' Club have a place modeled in some ways after The Little Country Theater. The country people formed a hall association, sold

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stock to the extent of three thousand dollars, donated their labor, and put up the building. The site was given by a country merchant. It is a typical rural center, consisting of auditorium, stage, rest rooms, dining room, and kitchen. An excellent description of its activities is contained in a letter from one of its members dated April 17, 1918, which I shall quote in part:

"The club year, just closed has been satisfactory in all events. From a social standpoint, this community through the efforts of the McKinley Club has enjoyed the fellowship of their neighbors and friends in a manner that is foreign to most rural communities.

"The officials of the past year have injected literary work into its meetings or rather at the close of the club meeting. Meetings are held on the second and fourth Saturday evenings of each month. The men of the club meet in the auditorium and transact regular business while the Ladies' Aid of the Club meet in the dining rooms. At the close of the business session all congregate in the auditorium where a program made up of songs, recitations, readings, essays, debates, dialogues, monologues, the club journal, four minute speeches, etc., is given. With the program or literary over, all retire to the dining rooms, where the ladies have a lunch ar-



SCENE—"The Servant in the House"  
*By Charles Rann Kennedy*



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ranged which is always looked forward to. Home talent plays and public speakers are from time to time in order and always enjoyed. A five piece orchestra composed from amongst the membership play for dances, at plays, etc. The dramatic talent of the club has just played 'A Noble Outcast' and despite a rainy evening the proceeds counted up to \$93.00. The proceeds were used to pay for the inclosing of the stage and stage scenery. They will put this on again, the proceeds to go to buy tobacco for the boys 'Over There.' Last June the club members and their families in autos made a booster trip boosting the play 'Back to the Farm,' presented by The Little Country Theater Players. They canvassed ten towns in a single day, driving one hundred and twenty miles. The result was that when the ticket force checked up \$225.00 had been realized. The club celebrates its anniversary in June of each year.

"The Ladies' Aid of the club have been a great help and their presence always appreciated. To date they have paid for out of their funds, and installed in the club hall, a lighting system that is ornamental and is of the best, a piano, kitchen range, and a full set of dishes with the club monogram in gold letters inscribed on each piece.

"The stage is enclosed and scenery in place so that the dramatic talent of the community have an ideal place for work.

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"I have in a hurried manner given you some of our doings in general.

"Respectfully,

"J. S. J."

I shall never forget the night referred to in the above letter when "Back to the Farm" was given in the hall. Automobiles loaded with people came from miles around. The hall was packed. Children were seated on the floor close up to the stage. Fifty persons occupied a long impromptu plank bench in the center aisle, with their bodies facing one way and their heads looking toward the stage. They stood on chairs in the vestibule at the back. The windows were full of people. Three men paid fifty cents each to stand on a ladder and watch the play through the window near the stage. It was as enthusiastic and appreciative a crowd as ever witnessed a play. They still talk about it, too.

One of the most artistic pieces of work ever done in the Theater was the part of "Babbie" in Barrie's play "The Little Minister." The charming young lady who took the character seemed, as the folks say, "to be born for it."

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"Little Women" a dramatization of Louisa Alcott's book was also cleverly acted.

A group of twenty young men and women from fifteen different communities dramatized "The Grand Prairie Community School Building" project in five scenes. The first scene told the story of the organization of the Grand Prairie Farmers' Club in the old one-room country school, and the endorsement of the new structure. The second showed the plans and specifications of the proposed building, by means of an illustrated lecture given in the old town hall. In the third and fourth parts the basement with the installation of the lighting system and the preparation of the lunch in the kitchen for the visitors were portrayed. The last scene displayed the auditorium and stage in the community school building complete, together with the dedication ceremonies. The scenery, properties, curtains, and lighting effects were arranged by these young men and women. The two hundred people who saw this dramatic demonstration will never forget the effect it had upon them. It proved that any community which is farsighted enough can with

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imagination and organization erect a similar structure or remodel a village hall so the people can have a place to express themselves. The essentials are an assembly room and a stage, that's all.

Three outdoor spectacles, "The Pastimes of the Ages," "The Enchantment of Spring," and "The Master Builder" revealed the infinite possibilities of the drama in picturing "tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." All of these pageants and many more aim to teach the people who live in God's gardens to appreciate their surroundings. "The Pastimes of the Ages," as well as the other two outdoor plays, was presented on a flat prairie, a parade ground about three or four hundred feet from The Little Country Theater. Over fifteen thousand people saw the spectacle and twelve hundred people took part in it. The scene was a most impressive one. At one end of the natural outdoor amphitheater the silent sphinx and three pyramids rose in all their Oriental grandeur. At the other stood a temple of glittering gold, in which the Spirit of Mirth reigned supreme.



SCENE—"Back to the Farm" By Mereline Shumway



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The play opened with Mirth running out of the temple singing and dancing. In the distance she saw a caravan approaching the pyramids. She beckoned them to come forward. The grand procession followed. On entering the temple the sojourners were greeted by flower maidens. Mirth then bade the caravan to be seated on the steps of marble and witness some of "The Pastimes of the Ages." The Greek games were played. An Egyptian ballet was danced. Forty maidens clad in robes of purple with hands stretched heavenward chanted a prayer. Two hundred uniformed Arabs drilled. The chimes rang. Mirth gestured for all to rise and sing. The bands *en masse* struck the notes of that song immortal, written by Francis Scott Key. The caravan, having seen all the pastimes in which men and women have indulged in ages gone by, journeyed back to the place from whence it came. And the story of the most gorgeous spectacle ever seen on the Dacotah prairie ended.

"The Enchantment of Spring" was a pageant in two episodes, with its theme taken from the field of agriculture. The setting was



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Great Outdoors. The play centers about a man who builds, a mechanic called the Master Builder. In his dream a vision comes to him, a picture of a beautiful temple that he has longed for years to construct. Around him and about him the dream children dance. They are the messengers that tell him that the workmen are coming. Before him in a procession, passes Ahura Mazda and the Sun Worshipers, Vulcanus and the torch-bearers, Atlas and his men of power, the Great Architect and his associates, Praxiteles and the stone-cutters, Tubal Cain and the blacksmiths, Joseph and the carpenters, and Michael Angelo and the painters. After he consults with the architects and approves the plans, they sing and rejoice. Nature's forces—light, power, and fire—combine to help him realize his dream. Even the flames, often the elements of destruction, turn their energies into power to help him. Finally, Praxiteles and the stone-cutters begin the temple, and Joseph and the carpenters, Tubal Cain and the blacksmiths, Michael Angelo and the painters complete it. The Anvil Chorus plays, Enlightenment awakens the Master Builder

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from his dream, and Achievement shows him that his vision has been realized. The beautiful temple stands before him.

All three of these spectacles show untold dramas in fields of thought yet untouched. They were mediums through which the ideals, the traditions, and the beauties of nature and human nature could be expressed.

The great mass of people in the state love good plays. Just like most folks, they want something with a homely story mixed with a few bits of comedy. Ninety out of a hundred persons are usually human, anyway. "David Harum," a three-act comedy by Eugene Noyes Westcott, seemed to hit the right spot with hundreds of the Dacotah folks. Personally, I do not believe a finer piece of non-professional acting has ever been done in America than that of the young man who took the part of David Harum. His phenomenal success in the character is all due to the fact that he lived the part every time he acted it. Naturally, he had strong support in the presentation of the play.

One incident in regard to the place of its production I shall never forget. During the

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past twenty-five years it has been my good fortune to see plays and programs presented in village halls, schoolhouses, churches, homes, country stores, gymnasiums, auditoriums, theaters, hotels, barns, parks, groves, streets, and other places. But I have never had the good fortune to see a baseball diamond used for a theater, and on the Fourth of July, with a play like "David Harum." It all happened down at Lisbon. The second baseball game had just finished. It was about six-thirty in the evening. A frame of two-by-four scantling was erected and braced like a city billboard. The center of the frame was exactly nine feet from the home plate. On it fourteen foot green draperies were hung. A large soiled canvas was laid on the worn ground for the stage. Three electric bulbs with a few batteries and two good sized automobiles furnished all the light necessary for the production. The baseball pits, where the players stay before they are called upon to bat, were used as dressing rooms. The crowd began to assemble at half past seven, and at eight o'clock the bleachers were brimful. The overflow crowd was seated on planks close up

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to the stage. For two solid hours and on the Fourth of July, mind you, several hundred people sat, watched, and listened to David Harum. Not a soul left. The interest manifested by the audience was tense at all times. It was one of the most unique instances ever experienced by the writer.

An Indian drama called, "Sitting Bull-Custer," written by an Episcopal priest, now a judge in Sioux County, told the story of the Redman's version of the Custer Massacre. It was presented on a Dacotah prairie at sunset, seven years ago. The scene represented an Indian village on the Little Big Horn River. It was dawn, June twenty-fifth, eighteen hundred and seventy six. A thick clump of trees, in which the Indian characters, Echonka, Gall, Rain-in-the-Face, Old-man, Old-woman, and Old-Woman-Diviner were hidden, furnished the background. There, secluded as spies, they anxiously awaited the arrival of Sitting Bull, believing that he would unfold valuable secrets in regard to the coming battle. Fool-mink, an Indian story teller and singer, the comedian of the play, was everywhere present. He sang



SCENE—Sitting Bull-Custer. By Aaron McGaffey Beede



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and he danced. His music irritated Rain-in-the-Face, because it reminded him of the time Tom Custer handcuffed him. In several sharp encounters which ensued between Fool-Mink and Rain-in-the-Face, Gall acted as the peace-maker. Silence reigned. Sitting Bull arrived. He looked at the dawn wistfully, started a fire, and sat down beside it. He spoke with rapid tongue. He told the story of the Redman, the most misunderstood creature on earth. He gave the reason why his race feared the white man—he wanted to be left alone and have food to eat. He foretold the battle. Suddenly his body became as rigid as a statue. Mid pauses, he spoke in a far-away ghostly voice.

“Great Custer speaks. I hear him say,  
Brave action crushes calumny.  
No lies can crush a glittering fact,  
If man, ignoring self, will act.  
I’m not a man without a flaw,  
What man has not his foibles? Pshaw!  
Courtmartial me! For what? To blight  
My name! I swear, by yonder light  
Of morning, I’ve no serious wrong!  
The truth will flame abroad ere long.  
Their teeth shall bite the dust to-day,  
A soldier’s grave can sing a lay

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have come out of the country people themselves. The place was crowded at the presentation of every one of these plays. Over eighty per cent of the audiences were country people, who had come to see dramas of their own creation, plays that had come out of the soil. "The Prairie Wolf" was written by a young man who was interested in horses and cattle. It pictured in a most vivid manner the financial troubles of a great many farmers. The central thought in "Bridging the Chasm" brought out the gap between city and country. A city girl and a country boy had fallen in love with each other. The city prejudice against country people made her hesitate before she said yes. "Every Ship Will Find a Harbor" was worked out by a country lad who was very fond of machinery and electricity. The action of the play took place in a country store, in the woods near the Langer farm, and in the sitting room of a farm home. The play told the story of a lazy country boy who decided to leave the farm and go west in search of adventure, and to study about machinery with the aid of a correspondence course. He didn't like school.



Scenes—"American Beauties"—A One-Act Play by J. S. Brown



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After being in the employ of a western power company for a few years, he returned home. His arm was broken. While at home he became interested in the community where he was born. In order to help his people enjoy life he showed them how to harness nature's power, so that the drudgery of the farm might be done by machinery instead of man power. The crowd which witnessed this play was a very responsive one. "The New Country Woman," written by a girl of French descent, brought out the leadership of woman in improving the social conditions in the country. There were ten characters in the play. The action took place in three scenes. The existing rural conditions in the state were splendidly portrayed in "The Country Side." It was exceptionally well written, the thought and the English well nigh perfect.

Whenever possible, the young people who are competent are broken in as directors on the original plays as well as on the others. This is done to give them the experience, so that they can help when called upon in their communities to assist. It also develops leadership.

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In other words, The Little Country Theater is not only a laboratory to try out different kinds of plays and entertainments for country folks, but also a place to train country-life workers.

One could go on indefinitely with hundreds of incidents which show the magnitude of the work of this particular country-life laboratory in the Northwest.

A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE



## A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

**J**UST a few years past a young man from near Edmunds, North Dakota, came to see me. He said he wanted to try a hand at writing a play. When asked what was the most interesting thing in his life at that particular time, he told me about two people who had lived on the farm the greater share of their lives. One wanted to retire and the other to remain. I asked him how he stood on the subject and he said if he were to make a decision he would stay on the farm. "Good," said I, "there's the theme for your play, country life versus city life. Lay the scene of the first act in the city and have the farmer retired, showing that all the advantages of real life are not found in the city. Place the second act out in the country and demonstrate the social possibilities of life on the farm."

Nothing more was said. He left the office. In about three or four weeks he returned with a copy of a play. It was written in lead pencil on an old-fashioned yellow tablet. I asked him what the name of the play was, and he said he had called it "A Bee in a Drone's Hive." At first I objected to the title, but after questioning him found that the reason he called the play, "A Bee in a Drone's Hive" was that he thought that a man who really understood the country should never move to the city; that he was just as much out of place in the city as a bee was in a drone's hive.

At first thought, I intended to go over the play with him and correct it and make a suggestion here and there. Then another idea struck me. What if this young man were out in the country, would it be possible for him to have anybody go over a play he had written there? Just about that time I made a trip east and read the play to several audiences. It met with a hearty reception wherever read. After a talk with a great many playwrights, authors, and men of affairs, I came to the inevitable conclusion that the best thing to do

## A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

was to bring the play back and let the author stage it just as he had written it. This was done. Within several weeks the play was presented in the theater.

A full house greeted the performance. Men and women from all over the state were present to witness the production. Everybody said it was the best thing they had ever seen. Rural workers in the audience claimed it was one of the finest arguments in favor of country life that they had ever heard. The author took the part of Hiram Johnson, the philosopher. His make-up was remarkable. He did it himself. After the play several persons suggested that the thing for him to do was to go away and take some courses in writing plays. This did not appeal to him, as he loved the farm and wanted to return to it. What he really found out was that he could express himself.

To-day he operates nearly four hundred acres of land. He has forty head of cattle, eight of which are registered short-horns. He is a successful farmer in every respect. During his spare moments he takes part in home talent plays. He loves the drama. He is married and has a family. [ 99 ]

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"A Bee in a Drone's Hive" is the product from the mind of a farmer who actually farms and lives on the farm. Following is the play in full form just as he wrote it and as it was produced.

### ACT I.

*Scene: Benson's home in the city. Room lavishly furnished. Ethel at desk writing, Mr. Benson sitting in easy chair reading, and Mrs. Benson darning socks.*

MRS. BENSON

Ethel, who are you writing to?

ETHEL

Oh, I was just dropping a line to brother Harry. Thought he would be glad to know how we were getting along in the city by now. You know I promised him I would write often and let him know how you and father took to city life. He said you would never like it here after the novelty of it wore off.

MRS. BENSON

Tell him I would write some, too, only I'm such a poor writer and it hasn't been long since I did write. You know people like to get letters often, so if you write now, and then me after while, he may like it better. I want to



SCENE—"A Bee in a Drone's Hive"  
*By Cecil Baker*



## A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

read what you have written when you get through.

ETHEL

Sorry, mother, but I can't let you read this one—at least all of it. You know brother and I always did confide in each other. I've often thought how much better we understand each other than most brothers and sisters, and how much more pleasant it is. I always feel sorry for girls who have no brothers and for boys who have no sisters.

MR. BENSON

You say you're writin' to Harry, Ethel? By jinks, I'd like to know how he is getting along on the old homestead. S'pose he's got his grain most cleaned by now, and just waitin' till it thaws out so he can get into the fields. I'd sure like to see that car load of yearlin's he says he just bought. Bet that bunch he's finishin' for the June market is fine by now; you know he wrote last spring that they were lookin' mighty promisin' and he takes such pride in them, too.

MRS. BENSON

Harry does think a lot of the stock and that

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dear little wife he got takes such an interest in things, too, and she's so encouraging. Did you notice the way she pulled him out of the blues once when they were first married? He always goes to her for advice in everything he does.

### MR. BENSON

Yes, and by Jinks, her advice is worth something too. Harry always says that's just the way he looks at it, but thought he'd ask her first. You know as how I used to always be against those agricultural colleges and never had much faith in 'em. Well, that pair has completely converted me. Harry never did like stock till he went away to school. As soon as he got back he began talkin' as how we could improve ours, and as how many we ought to have more for the size of our farm. By jinks, I've got to slip out there fore long and see those cattle.

*Ethel rises with two letters in hand and rings for the butler.*

### MRS. BENSON

Looks as though you were confiding in someone else, too.

A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

ETHEL

Oh no, just a letter to Mabel.

MR. BENSON

*Rising.*

Ethel, if you don't care I'll take your letters to the box. I've simply got to get more fresh air. I've begun to feel like a house plant what's bin sittin' in the bay window all winter. When the hired man comes, tell him to fix up the fire.

ETHEL

All right, father. Be sure you put the letters in a mail box and not in the police telephone box like you did once. (*Exit Mr. Benson.*) Mother, father makes me think of a bee in a drone's hive; he's just dying for something to do and there isn't a thing around here to do that would satisfy him. He's just aching to be out among the stock on the farm. I really feel sorry for him, but I guess there isn't any way to better things; he's not able to run the farm any longer.

MRS. BENSON

No, he isn't and I wouldn't think of movin' in with Harry and Jennie, even though they

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wouldn't object. It breaks up the home spirit so to have two families in one home. I've never let on to your pa, but I don't like the city life half as well as I thought I would, and I really never thought of what a handicap it would be to you.

ETHEL

Oh, don't you care about me. I have a good home here as long as you live and I don't know of a place where I'm needed as bad as I am right here looking after you and father. I consider it my calling.

MRS. BENSON

I don't see how we would get along here without you, but it's not fair, and you don't owe it. I was just thinking the other day about Clarence. He must be about through college by now. There wasn't a better fellow livin' than Clarence and he seemed to think so much of you. How's come you and him don't write any more? You used to.

ETHEL

Yes, we did write till three years ago, when he failed to answer my letter and I never wrote again.

A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

MRS. BENSON

Maybe he didn't get your letter.

ETHEL

I heard through a friend that he did. I thought that if he didn't want to write, that was his own business. I suppose he found another girl. But mother, it's hard to forget—I didn't know I did care so much. But—oh well, it's too late now. I'm going to stay by you and father, so I should worry.

*(Walks across room to desk.)*

MRS. BENSON

*Speaking to self.*

I wish we had never come to the city. Poor girl!

ETHEL

Mother, I've something amusing to tell you. What do you think, Mr. Smith, who called to see me last night, asked me to marry him.

MRS. BENSON

What!

ETHEL

Wouldn't that make you laugh?

MRS. BENSON

Why, you haven't known him more than a month and a half, have you?

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ETHEL

No, and I've only seen him a few times at that.

MRS. BENSON

That beats anything I ever heard of. Is the fellow in his right mind?

ETHEL

Oh, I guess he's sane enough—but he's so used to having his money get what he wants, that I suppose he thought it would buy me, too.

MRS. BENSON

How much money has he got?

ETHEL

I don't know, but from the way he talks he must have quite a bit.

MRS. BENSON

Well, he had better trade some of it for a little common sense.

ETHEL

By the way, mother, is this Thursday or Friday? You know we've invited the Asterbilts for dinner Friday, and you know—

MRS. BENSON

*Interrupting.*

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That's what's the matter, and this is Friday and it's six-thirty now. They ought to have been here three-quarters of an hour ago—mighty good thing they're late.

ETHEL

I wonder if the maid has forgotten, too.

MRS. BENSON

My goodness, what if she has forgotten! You be straightening the room—I'll go and see her.

*Exit Mrs. Benson. Enter butler.*

WALTER

Sorry, I'm so long, Miss Ethel.

ETHEL

You don't look so very long to me. Fix the fire and see that everything is ready for company, the Asterbilts are coming.

WALTER

The Asterbilts! You having those swell bugs here! You had better order a butler and have him delivered at once.

*Exit Walter.*

ETHEL

This is an awful state of affairs. Here the swellest people in town are coming and we're

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not ready. I didn't much want to have them, but mother insisted. She said it was time I ought to be getting acquainted with some of the good people of the city. I'm not very ambitious, if they're all like Mr. Smith. Some idea he's got of what love is; and father makes so many mistakes. He simply can't learn the city ways and this is the first time we've invited in any society people. Well, it's too late now to talk about it—we'd might as—

*Enter Mr. Benson.*

MR. BENSON

Mailed your letters, Ethel. Why, what's up, girl—be ye cleanin' house so soon? Don't think you'll last if you go over this house at that pace.

ETHEL

We invited the Asterbilts for supper and we'd forgotten all about it till it was past the time they were supposed to be here. They're almost an hour late now. This is enough to give one nervous prostration. Maybe they're not coming, though.

MR. BENSON

By jinks, I hope they'll come. I was just

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wonderin' the other day why we couldn't have in some of our neighbors and get acquainted a little. Why, we don't even know the people across the street from us. Out on the farm we knew people from six to twelve miles around.

*Enter Mrs. Benson.*

MRS. BENSON

The maid says everything is ready. Wonder why they don't come or phone us. I wish they wouldn't come, now. Why, what will they think of us in these clothes?

*Enter Walter. Hands Mrs. Benson a card.*

MRS. BENSON

*Reading.*

They're here, show them up, Walter.

WALTER

I'm afraid I'm a poor butler.

*Exit.*

MR. BENSON

I don't see what there is to worry about—your clothes are clean and neat. What more can they expect? By jinks, I don't let a little thing like that worry me.

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Asterbilt, preceded by butler.*

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MRS. BENSON

*Shaking hands with Mrs. Asterbilt who holds hand high for fashionable hand shake.*

How do you do, Mrs. Asterbilt.

MRS. ASTERBILT

Good evening.

MRS. BENSON

I hope you'll excuse—

MRS. ASTERBILT

*Interrupting.*

Mrs. Benson, my husband.

MR. ASTERBILT

Mrs. Benson, it gives me very great pleasure to make your acquaintance.

MRS. ASTERBILT

And I suppose this is your daughter.

*Shakes hands with her.*

MR. BENSON

Yes, that's her.

MRS. ASTERBILT

You're a very charming young lady.

MR. ASTERBILT

*Shaking hands with Ethel.*

Indeed you're very charming, Miss Benson.

## A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

MRS. BENSON

This is my husband, Mrs. Asterbilt.

MR. BENSON

*Makes a couple of attempts to shake hands with Mrs. Asterbilt and at last finding her hand, which is held high, pulls it down and gives real handshake.*

I'm so glad ter know you, Mrs. Asterbilt. (*Shakes with Mr. Asterbilt.*) How do ye do, Mr. Asterbilt. By jinks, I'm glad you folks come this evenin'. I was just tellin' Ethel as how we didn't know our next door neighbor here in town. Do ye know, Mr. Asterbilt, I don't think the town folks are near as sociable as us country folks. Won't ye take your wraps off and stay a while?

MRS. ASTERBILT

*Removing wraps, hands them to Walter, who wads them all up in his arms and drops Asterbilt's hat.*

I'm so sorry we were unable to get here for dinner or to let you know. We fully intended to get here, but we went out auto riding in the country and were detained by a breakdown. When we arrived home and saw we were so

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late, we took our dinner at the cafe before coming. I hope our delay hasn't put you to any great anxiety. Since we couldn't get here for dinner, we thought we would call for a while, rather than disappoint you completely.

*Exit butler with wraps.*

MRS. BENSON

We're very glad you did, won't you be seated?

MR. BENSON

Indeed we're glad you have come. Anyone is welcome at our house any time. Don't you know people aren't so sociable as they uster be. Why, when I was a boy we either called on some of our neighbors, or they called on us every night of the week during the winter months. I've been noticin' as how the town folks don't call at all unless they're invited. By jinks, come to think about it, you folks are the first to come since we've been here, exceptin' one of our neighbors from the farm.

*Begins slowly to remove shoes.*

MR. ASTERBILT

By the way, Mr. Benson, what is your opinion of the commission form of government

## A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

this city is going to submit to the voters next election? You know some of the cities have already adopted it and it is promising to become quite popular.

MR. BENSON

Can't say as I know much about it. If it's anything like the commission the grain and stock buyers get, I don't think much of it. You see lots of those fellers getting rich while many of the farmers who haul their grain in to them are just barely holdin' their own. So they're wantin' to make a big thing outen the city people, too, are they?

MR. ASTERBILT

You have the wrong impression, Mr. Benson. This commission form of government consists of several committees of three men each and each committee has some special phase of city work to look after, such as streets, parks, public health, etc.

ETHEL

Father, you'll have to be reading up a little, so you'll know which way to vote at the election.

THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

MR. BENSON

*Rubbing his feet.*

Guess you're right, Ethel.

MRS. ASTERBILT

Miss Benson, I don't think I have seen you at any of the balls this winter—it must be that you haven't been introduced yet, for young ladies are in quite a demand. I believe you would be a very graceful dancer.

ETHEL

I've been to a few social gatherings given by the young ladies' society of our church—we've had some real nice times.

MRS. ASTERBILT

Those will do for some people, I suppose, but you're charming enough to get into real society. I can give you the name of a fine dancing school where you can learn to dance in a very short time. They guarantee to get their pupils into society as soon as they have completed.

MR. BENSON

*Has been rubbing his feet, now places them on the back of a chair.*

A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

These pavements just tear my feet to pieces every time I go for a walk. The cities talk about their improvements, why don't they cover their walks with rubber so as to save one's feet? I'd lots rather have an old cow path to walk on.

ETHEL

*Leaving room.*

Father, may I see you for a moment?

*Exit.*

MR. BENSON

I'll be back in a moment, just go right on visitin'.

*Exit.*

MRS. ASTERBILT

Do you folks like the city life better than the country life?

MRS. BENSON

I can't say as we do—we miss our neighbors so.

MRS. ASTERBILT

You should get into society. We have some very cultured people in this city, with high social standings. Your daughter is good looking enough to marry a rich young man. You should give a ball in her honor.

THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

*Enter Hiram Johnson. He looks around the room much awed by its splendor.*

MRS. BENSON

*Rises to meet him.*

Why, hello, Hiram.

HIRAM

How do you do, Mary? Golly, but you have a swell home! A feller told me this was where you lived so I walked right in without knocking. This is a swell room—don't you sorter feel like a snake in a bird's nest?

MRS. BENSON

How did you happen to come here?

HIRAM

I was just takin' a little vacation to see the sights. Many of our learned men get much of their education just traveling.

MRS. BENSON

Meet our company, Hiram. It's Mr. and Mrs. Asterbilt.

HIRAM

*Shaking hands in a friendly way.*

I'm glad to know any one whose friends to John and Mary. I knowed *they* would soon

A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

get acquainted when they came here, for they're so neighborly.

*Enter Mr. Benson with house slippers on.*

MR. BENSON

By jinks, if it ain't Hiram.

*Exit Mrs. Benson.*

HIRAM

*Crossing to Benson.*

Golly, John, you look like a house plant. I see right now that you'll have to get more sunshine, or this here city life will get the best of you. How do you like the city life, anyway? Gee! but such a room!

MR. BENSON

The house is all right, but the life is pretty doggone dull.

HIRAM

Just what I told your son, Harry. The conveniences are all right, but you're just as much out of place as a pump handle on an ice house.

MR. BENSON

I suppose it is the only life for those that is brought up that way.

THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

HIRAM

Sure, but it's just as hard for a farmer to get used to city ways as it is for a fish to get used to living on land.

*Enter Mrs. Benson.*

MRS. ASTERBILT

Mrs. Benson, I think we had better be going.

MRS. BENSON

Oh, you musn't go so soon—I have ordered a light lunch.

MRS. ASTERBILT

But we ought to be going, and then you'll want to be visiting with your neighbor.

HIRAM

Don't let me be causing you to leave, the more the merrier. I wouldn't advise you to leave until after the lunch Mrs. Benson has prepared. She's the finest cook round,\* they always calls on her to make the biscuits for the ladies' aid doin's at the church and picnics in the summer time. I'd advise you to stay.

MR. ASTERBILT

Mr. Johnson, I suppose you are taking a little vacation to get away from the monotony

## A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

of the farm. It must be an awful dull place to spend one's life in.

### HIRAM

By golly, you couldn't pull me away from the farm with a train of cars. Why what have you got in the city that's pleasant? Ye haven't got anything but crowded streets and houses. Everything ye have is artificial. Why you talk about the monotony, I'd like to know where ye get any more than in the city. Why, everything in the city is always the same. Ye never have any change unless some one starts a fire to get some insurance and burns half the town down. Out in the country everything grows up new every spring and we have the pleasure of seein' nature at its great work. What's more pleasant than sowin' a little seed and watchin' hit go through all the stages till it gets to be a big plant? Why, look at these flowers—I bet John paid no less than a dollar a head for 'em. Out on the farm they will grow right in your own door yard. Ain't that right, John?

### MR. ASTERBILT

That may be true, but what about your long winter?

THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

HIRAM

Why, what can be more beautiful than to see nature asleep and covered with a blanket of snow? Why, it makes ye have a feelin' ye can't explain. And, golly, the feelin' ye have when the sun begins removin' the blanket and all nature begins to wake up again. It makes ye feel like ye'd been asleep with it and was wakin' up with it and fresh for work. There's nothin' like it. Ain't that right, John?

*A maid enters carrying a tray full of large meat sandwiches.* MAID

Har your sanvitches bane vot yu wanted.

MRS. BENSON

*Taking tray and offering them to Mrs. Asterbilt.*

Won't you have one?

MRS. ASTERBILT

No, thanks. Really, Mrs. Benson, we must be going. We have had a very delightful time. Will you ring for our cloaks?

MRS. BENSON

*Placing biscuits on table.*

I'm sorry you people have to leave so soon.  
*Rings for Walter.*

A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

MRS. ASTERBILT

I hope we haven't inconvenienced you, Mrs. Benson, by our not being here for dinner.

MRS. BENSON

Oh no, not at all. We were only going to have some sausage and sour kraut. They're not as good as what we make on the farm, but I thought perhaps you'd like that better than anything.

*Enter Walter. Hiram takes a biscuit from tray and begins eating.*

MRS. BENSON

Bring their wraps, Walter.

HIRAM

Mary, you sure haven't forgot how to make those biscuits you used to make.

MRS. BENSON

But, Hiram, I didn't make them. We have a maid to do the work here.

MR. BENSON

Yes, and by jinks, we haven't had a good meal since.

HIRAM

By golly, that's right, there isn't anything like home cookin'. Ye ought ter be back on

THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

the farm where ye can have eggs and bakin' powder biscuits and honey for breakfast—a nice young fried rooster for dinner with good old white gravy, mashed potatoes, dressin' and dumplin's.

MR. ASTERBILT

Mr. Benson, here is my card. I'm running for commissioner of city improvement. Hope I may have your vote at the election.

MR. BENSON

If you are a Republican, you can count on it.

MR. ASTERBILT

*Smiling.*

Politically, I am.

*Enter butler with wraps.*

MRS. BENSON

*Taking wraps and dismissing butler. Hands wraps to guests.*

Now that you've made a start, I hope you will come often.

MR. BENSON

Sure, drop in often, and don't wait for to be asked; ye're welcome any time.

MRS. ASTERBILT

Thank you very much. (*To husband*) Are

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you ready? (*Bowing to Mr. and Mrs. Benson.*) Good evening.

*Exeunt Mrs. Asterbilt and Mrs. Benson.*

MR. ASTERBILT

*Shaking hands with Mr. Benson.*

Good night, Mr. Benson.

MR. BENSON

Good night.

MR. ASTERBILT

Good night, Mr. Johnson. I'm glad I met you.

HIRAM

Same to you. Meetin' a new friend gives me as much joy as findin' a dollar bill in my pocket that I didn't know I had there. If ye ever get out my way drop in and see me.

*Exeunt Mr. Asterbilt and Mr. Benson.*

*Enter Ethel.*

ETHEL

Well, if it isn't Hiram! What possessed you to come to the city?

HIRAM

Just travelin' round a little.

ETHEL

I didn't suppose you traveled very much.

THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

HIRAM

We didn't use to, but now we take a trip most every year back to old Ohio. Back to the old neighborhood where we were born and married. So ye haven't got married yet, have ye? Most birds finds a mate when they get full feathered. Looks like you'd be catchin' some of these rich city fellers. They could line yer nest with feathers.

ETHEL

Oh yes, no doubt they could. How did you leave everybody at home?

HIRAM

Just like a rose in July. Saw your brother Harry the day before I left. He sent a letter down for you. Said ter be sure and give it ter you and not let the folks see it.

ETHEL

*Opens letter and reads to self—then to Hiram.*

Oh, Hiram, listen to this.

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Benson unobserved—stop and listen as Ethel reads. Ethel reading.*

I take it from your last letter, that the folks are out of place in the city and discontented.

## A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

I'm not surprised—in fact I looked for you to write and tell me before, but I suppose you thought I couldn't do anything. But listen, I can and I am. I have it all planned. Just across the road on the south quarter there is a piece of a building spot. I was talking with the carpenters yesterday and they said they would be able to start building the house next week. I have let them suffer as long as I can. Out here they won't have anything to do but to look after themselves and enjoy life where they know how.

MR. BENSON

By jingo and jumpin' John Rogers, I'm goin' to-morrow. *Curtain.*

## ACT II

*Scene: Picnic grounds in the country near Harry Benson's farm. Scene is at dinner-time on the picnic grounds. The band is heard playing in the distance. Ethel, Jennie, and Mrs. Benson are busy taking food from a large box. Mr. Benson is sitting on a spring buggy seat at one side of the stage. Toy balloon whistles can be heard at different intervals, some louder than others. Also auto horns tooting occasionally.*

MRS. BENSON

*While working.*

Ethel, I thought the pageant went just fine. Didn't you, Jennie?

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JENNIE

I certainly did. Ethel makes a mighty good milk-maid. That fellow in love with her seemed to think the same thing.

MR. BENSON

By jinks, it did me a lot of good to see her snub that city feller.

ETHEL

I'm glad you all enjoyed it. It went better than we thought it would.

MRS. BENSON

How did you train that dog to walk across the stage like he did?

ETHEL

We didn't—he walked across of his own accord. It fitted in the scene fine, but I could hardly keep from laughing.

MRS. BENSON

Well, I declare, it looked just like he was supposed to do it. (*Looking in box*) I can't find any salt or pepper.

*Auto horns toot in the distance.*

JENNIE

They're wrapped up in some white paper in one corner.

A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

MRS. BENSON

Here they are.

*Unwraps and puts on table.*

JENNIE

Wonder what's keeping Harry. I saw him right after the game, and he said he'd be down in a little while. Which dish is the salad in, Ethel?

ETHEL

It's in that large oval dish.

*Auto horn toots.*

JENNIE

Do you know what we forgot? We forgot the sugar for the lemonade.

MRS. BENSON

Dear me, now what are we to do?

ETHEL

Do you remember I started to get it this morning when you asked me to whip the cream for the cake? I never thought of it again.

JENNIE

I wonder if the Newtons would have any more than they want.

ETHEL

I'll run up to where they are eating and see.

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*Exit Ethel. Enter Harry in baseball suit.*

HARRY

My, but this shady place feels refreshing. Wow! Such a hypnotizing odor. Better watch me. I'm liable to go into a spell and eat the whole works. I feel like a starved wolf.

MR. BENSON

What's the matter with you fellers, Harry—didn't I hear you say our club had a better nine than the Lyon Club?

HARRY

Can't expect to beat that umpire. We got another one for this afternoon's game and I'll bet they don't beat us then. That umpire this morning was absolutely "rotten." He called me out twice on second base and I was there a mile before the ball both times. Called Jones out on a home base and the catcher dropped the ball before he even touched him. We had to strike at everything that came along, for he'd call it a strike anyway.

JENNIE

We hope you'll beat this afternoon. Are you too tired to get a pail of water from the spring?

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HARRY

Not if you will have dinner ready when I get back.

*Takes bucket on exit.*

MR. BENSON

I wonder why Hiram and his wife ain't here to-day. They're generally along the first ones at a picnic.

MRS. BENSON

I was talking with her over the phone yesterday and she said they were coming.

MR. BENSON

Doesn't seem quite natural without Hiram around.

*Enter Ethel with Floyd.*

ETHEL

Opal, I brought Floyd down to play with you.

OPAL

*Jumping from swing clapping hands.*

Oh goodie, won't you swing me, Floyd?

ETHEL

Here is lots of sugar.

JENNIE

Good, Harry has gone after the water.

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MRS. BENSON

I guess everything is all ready when he gets here.

*Enter Harry with water.*

HARRY

I feel just like a starved bear. If dinner isn't ready I'm going to jump in this bucket of water and drown myself.

*Ethel and Jennie busy making lemonade.*

JENNIE

All we'd need to do would be to pour in this juice and sugar (*they do so*) and you'd soon drink the pond dry.

HARRY

Yes, and I'd do it so quick I wouldn't even get wet.

*Exit Opal and Floyd.*

ETHEL

If you people are hungry, get around here, it's all ready.

JENNIE

Grandma, you and grandpa sit around here.

HARRY

I'll sit close to the salad.

*Has lemonade on box close to him—every-*

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*body takes seat, leaving two for Opal and Floyd and enough to set one more plate.*

JENNIE

I wonder where the children have gone to.

MRS. BENSON

I didn't see them leave. I expect they went up to play with the Smith children.

HARRY

When you run dry on lemo, just hand your cups this way. Will you pass the buns, please?

JENNIE

You ought not to be hungry after eating that big breakfast this morning. What do you think—he ate four eggs, six baking powder biscuits and about a cup full of syrup, to say nothing about potatoes.

HARRY

Just the same I don't believe pa would advise me to go to the city to cure my appetite, would you pa?

MR. BENSON

I guess not, by jinks! We eat to live, so why not live where we have an appetite for what we eat?

*Enters Hiram smoking corn-cob pipe.*

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HIRAM

Golly, but I'm just in time.

MR. BENSON

Hello, Hiram, come and have some dinner.

HIRAM

Well, I never turn daon' a meal when I'm hungry. Got some of those good biscuits, Mary?

*Ethel prepares a place.*

MRS. BENSON

We've got some biscuits, but I can't say as they're very good.

HIRAM

*Lays pipe at side of stage—takes seat at table.*

Wall, I can say it without ever tastin' them. John, I reckon ye can't say ye haven't had a good meal since you moved back ter the farm. I can't keep from talkin' about you movin' to the city. Ye thought everything was going to be honey, but it turned out ter be merlasses. Ain't I right, John?

MRS. BENSON

Where's Rachel, didn't she come?

## A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

HIRAM

She woke up with a headache this morning. I wanted ter stay hum with her, but she made me come down for a while. There seems to be a large crowd here, to-day.

HARRY

A very large crowd. I never saw the like of autos as were out to the game.

HIRAM

John, what do you know about these fellers. Henry tells me they got beat.

HARRY

The umpire played a fine game.

HIRAM

That's what Henry was tellin' me, but I just laughed at him. Everybody hates to acknowledge they're whipped. John here even kinder hates ter say the city got the best of him. Of course, that's different then getting beat in a game. It wasn't any honor ter the city, but ye fellers were on equal footin' and both teams are used ter the grounds, while John here, he was on a strange diamond. We never had umpires when I was a boy, but we found plenty of other excuses for getting beat.

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MR. BENSON

Harry says they're goin' to beat them this afternoon.

HARRY

You two just watch us and see. We got a good umpire and we're going to beat them on equal footin' as you say.

*Enter Opal and Floyd, hold of hands—stop quick and stand looking.*

JENNIE

You children are rather late—here's your places around here between grandma and me.

*They take places at table, Jennie places bib around them.*

Where have you been?

FLOYD

We went up to play with Ruth and Harold. They've got a swing fastened away up high and you can swing twice as far as you can with this one.

OPAL

It almost took my breath away.

HIRAM

The country's the place to raise children in. Here they have all the fresh air and good plain

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food ter make them grow. In the city they are all crowded up together in a bunch. Their fresh air is all filled with smoke. They have no place for the children to play exceptin' in the parks where they're so careful with their hay they have signs all around ter "keep off the grass." Why, we have to raise their food for them, but they don't get it until it's been in cold storage for a year or so or else canned. I tell ye people, God intended fer us ter live in the country—if He hadn't He'd made the city instead. Ain't that so, John?

JOHN

I hadn't thought of it that way, but I guess you're right.

HIRAM

Of course, I'm right.

FLOYD

We're going back after dinner, ain't we, Opal?

OPAL

Can we, mama?

JENNIE

Oh maybe, if you'll not get in anybody's way and not get hurt.

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OPAL AND FLOYD

Oh, we won't.

HARRY

Pass the salad, please.

HIRAM

How was your play, Ethel?

ETHEL

It went off very well.

HIRAM

We were wantin' ter see it so bad—such a fine day for it, too. Do ye know we'd enjoy a doin's like that, where we know the actors, better than we would a play we'd have ter pay three or four dollars to see in the city? Ain't that right, John?

JOHN

I guess you're right, I never saw anything better anywhere.

HIRAM

Ethel, how about you? Do ye think ye'll ever be wantin' to move back? Rachel and I was just talkin' the other day about what a loss it would be ter the community if you married a city feller and moved out; we were just wonderin' if there were any on yer track.

A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

MRS. BENSON

You don't need to worry. One rich feller tried it and he didn't get her.

ETHEL

Mother, you shouldn't tell my little secrets.

FLOYD

I'm ready to go.

*Begins leaving table.*

OPAL

So am I.

JENNIE

Let me wipe your hands before you go.

*Wipes their hands and mouths.*

FLOYD

*As he begins leaving stage before Opal is ready.*

Hurry up, Opal!

OPAL

I'm coming. (*As they go skipping out.*)  
Good-by, mama!

*Exeunt.*

HIRAM

Ain't that just like little tots? I tell ye, people, we don't appreciate being little till we're old. Did ye ever notice how older people

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

enjoy sittin' around talkin' about the things they did when they were little? Golly, but I'll never forget the time when I was about three years old and my mother started to walk over ter one of our neighbors that lived about a mile and er half from our place. We didn't get very far when I wanted ter be carried. Well, she couldn't carry me so fur so she goes and breaks a hazel brush for a stick-horse and gives it ter me ter ride. Wall, I can remember just as well as if it was yesterday, how I gets on that stick-horse and begun ridin', runnin' on ahead kickin' up my heels and runnin' side ways like a proud army horse. Then I'd get scared and go to rearin' and backin'. Then I run clear back again.

*Enters a little boy and begins fooling with swing.*

Well sir, I rode that stick-horse all the way over and back and never asked once to be carried again. Ye've got ter give a kid something to do if you don't want ter get into trouble.

Give a kid something to do

And he'll grow up, pure, noble and true.

Ain't that right, John?

A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

MR. BENSON

I guess you're right, that's the way I was brought up.

ETHEL

*Speaking to boy at swing.*

Hello, little man, why don't you get in and swing?

*He does so.*

MR. BENSON

How's your cattle lookin' lately, Hiram?

HIRAM

Fine, by golly, I never seen 'em grow so fast. I get 'em on that new field of bromus grass. They'll be in mighty fine shape to fatten this fall.

*Enters Leslie Larsen in band suit, carrying horn.*

LESLIE

Everybody seems to be happy.

HARRY

Hello Leslie, going to play at the game this afternoon? We're going to beat 'em.

LESLIE

We'll be right there, but I'm not so sure about the beating part since that game this morning.

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JENNIE

Had your dinner, Leslie?

LESLIE

Yes, we've been through half an hour. I was just going to the bowry. We're going to have a little concert before the speaking.

HIRAM

Who's the speaker to-day?

LESLIE

Senator McDonald. I saw him coming this way before I started. I met him this morning. Seems like a fine fellow.

HIRAM

John, why don't yer give 'em a talk on how to be happy in the city?

*Senator walks across rear of stage without noticing anyone. Leslie calls him.*

LESLIE

Mr. McDonald, come here a moment.

MR. McDONALD

Why hello, Mr. Larsen!

LESLIE

Mr. McDonald, this is the Benson family—one of our prominent farmers in this community.

A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

MR. McDONALD

People, I'm very glad to meet you. It does my heart good to get out and meet the tillers of the soil. I always consider it a great honor to have such a privilege as a day like this. I was out walking to get some fresh air before my talk.

HIRAM

No place like the country for fresh air, ain't that right Senator?

MR. McDONALD

You're right. Hope you fellows will be at the speaking. I always like a large crowd.

MR. BENSON

You can count on our being there.

MR. McDONALD

Good! bring all your friends. I'll be walking on. Good-by.

*Exit.*

JENNIE

If everyone has had enough, we'll spread the tablecloth over the table—we've got to eat supper here before we leave.

*Women arrange table.*

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LESLIE

Well, I'll have to be going or I'll be late.

HARRY

Guess I'll walk up with you. I guess the women will come together.

*Exeunt.*

MR. BENSON

Hiram, you ought to order you a running water system and an electric light plant for your farm. They've got 'em down now so ye can't afford to be without 'em.

HIRAM

John, are ye havin' a nightmare about the city?

MR. BENSON

By jinks, I'm speakin' my right mind. We just sent in an order for an electric light plant. Harry says we can get a motor so small we can carry it around under our arms and can attach it to the wire any place and run our fan mills, pumps, grinders, washin' machines, in fact everything dependin' on the size of the motor. In the house you can take off a light bulb and attach a "lectric" iron and cooker, make it do the churnin' and sweepin', run the

A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

sewin' machine, and even rock the cradle, besides havin' light all over yer buildin's without any danger of fire.

HIRAM

Wall, I'll be goll durned. John, are ye sure ye haven't been drinkin' too much lemonade?

MR. BENSON

It's right. In the spring we're goin' ter git a runnin' water system made especially for the farm. Harry has had it all planned for over a year now.

HIRAM

Wall, if that don't beat the cat's a fightin'. I knew that boy had the stuff in him when he planned that house for you and Mary.

JENNIE

If you folks are going, you had better be coming along.

MR. BENSON

*Looking at watch.*

By jinks, it is time we were going.

ETHEL

I'll be there as soon as I find my fan.

*Exeunt all but Ethel. Enters Clarence un-*

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*observed. Ethel looks through box and around for fan.*

Well, I'm sure I brought that fan along, I couldn't think of losing it, for it's one Clarence gave me before he went away to school and before we moved to the city. Well, that's funny—I know I couldn't have lost it on the way, and we—

CLARENCE

You don't need a fan in this cool place.

ETHEL

Clarence! You here?

*Rises and takes him by the hand.*

CLARENCE

Yes, I graduated last week—came home to settle down and do something. One feels mighty ambitious after going through college and wants to get right out and begin applying his knowledge and getting the practical experience. But you? I thought you were in the city. Out for a visit, I suppose?

ETHEL

Visit! Why, the folks have moved back on the farm. Being the baby, I naturally had to come too. Of course, I hated to leave.

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CLARENCE

I'm mighty glad to know your folks have moved back on the farm. Now that it won't be necessary for you to look after them so closely, I suppose you will soon be moving back and start your practical applications, there.

ETHEL

Oh, maybe—things are mighty handy, you know.

CLARENCE

Lots of fine fellows there, too, I suppose?

ETHEL

Lots of them. The girls are scarce, too. Tell me about your college days. Suppose you graduated with high honors?

CLARENCE

Oh, no, no! Not many anyway. There was a lot—

*Enters Hiram, stops and listens.*

of things I wanted to get at the bottom of; so many things I was in doubt about. I was too busy to think of honors. I went in to prepare myself for higher honors to be won later in life and that shall be remembered and enjoyed by those that follow after me when I'm gone.

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HIRAM

That's right, my boy. It ain't so much what you do in school as it is what ye get, and you do after ye get out. That's the time to do something. Look at Lincoln—he hardly seen the inside of a schoolhouse, but he studied and got something then went and done somethin'. He came from the farm, too. Pardon me, children, I left my pipe layin' there by this tree when I set down ter dinner. (*Takes pipe and lights, taking long, loud draws.*) I'll be leavin', I know young folks like to be alone.

*Exit.*

CLARENCE

I guess he didn't recognize me. Have I changed much, Ethel?

ETHEL

A little more mature in looks is all.

CLARENCE

Tell me about your life in the city, Ethel.

ETHEL

I haven't much to tell—we had a fine house and servants, but the folks were out of place and didn't feel at home. You see they had lived in the country too long to get any comfort

## A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

out of the city life—there isn't anything that seemed real to them. Mother didn't like to let on for she was the strongest advocate of going, and you couldn't blame her when she thought of all the conveniences in the city. But even at that she had lived in the country too long to get any enjoyment out of the city. As for me, I'm young and can soon adapt myself to the new conditions in the city. Can't you imagine what a good city belle I would make?

CLARENCE

Ethel, you have been the best friend I ever had outside of mother and father and they're both gone. The reason I went away to school was the thought that I might some day be worthy and capable of making a home for you equal to the best found anywhere. I realize that the majority of farmers buy conveniences for themselves without realizing the conveniences their wives need in the house, so they have to go on in the same way their grandmothers did. Ethel, you remember that last letter you wrote me, three years ago, I believe?

ETHEL

Yes, and you never answered it.

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CLARENCE

No. When you went away to the city you were young and I did not dare ask you to wait for me. Besides I thought it would be useless for you were thinking that when the time came you would marry a city fellow who could offer you a home without the drudgery some women have on the farm. In that last letter, you were telling me about a certain rich man. Well, I knew your youthful dream had come true. I didn't want to stand in your way. I knew you were old enough to know what you wanted, so I didn't write. Ethel, I almost gave up then, and I don't know but what I would had it not been for my roommate, noble old chap. He got me started right again. Ethel, I hope you will be happy in the city.

*Rises and crosses stage.*

ETHEL

I did write about a certain young man, but—

CLARENCE

But what?

ETHEL

I didn't think you would take it so seriously.

A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

CLARENCE

You mean to say—

ETHEL

That I was only teasing you about the city.

CLARENCE

Then you're not—

*Takes her hand.*

ETHEL

Not if I can help it. How about that home you were dreaming about?

CLARENCE

It's yours, Ethel, and it's going to be the very best (*embrace*).

*Embrace. Enter Hiram and Mr. Benson. Stop short on seeing Ethel and Clarence in each other's arms.*

MR. BENSON

*Harshly.*

Ethel!

*Ethel and Clarence separate embarrassed.*

CLARENCE

*Going up and taking Mr. Benson by the hand.*

Mr. Benson, I know this is no way to be caught with your daughter, but since it couldn't

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be helped I suppose the only way to get around it will be for you to give your consent to marry her.

MR. BENSON

Are you going to live on the farm?

CLARENCE

Would you advise me to?

MR. BENSON

By jinks, you can't have her unless you do.

*Clarence crosses and puts arm around Ethel.*

HIRAM

By golly, it does me good to see the cream of the country come pourin' back again. Don't you know some of our greatest men like Lincoln and Washington, come from the farm? They'd all like to have gotten back again but they were so tied up in the world they couldn't break loose. The cities are all right in a way, and I suppose we couldn't get along without them now, but, by golly, there would never have been a city if it hadn't been for the country. Why, I can remember when all the young men that wanted to do something worth while went to the cities and left the very poorest fellows at home. And the old fellows when they

A BEE IN A DRONE'S HIVE

got enough money they moved ter the city and spent their money there. By golly, that's right, ain't it, John?

MR. BENSON

I guess you're right, Hiram.

HIRAM

Of course, I'm right. By golly, it sure does me good ter see the change coming where the best people of the country stay on the farm instead of movin' ter the city where they're just as much out of place as "A Bee in a Drone's Hive."

Author of play—Cecil Baker.

*Curtain.*



LARIMORE



## LARIMORE

**S**OMEBODY once said a pageant was a big outdoor play in which people in everyday walks of life—John and Joe and Susan—take an active part and tell the story of what happened in the neighborhood, county, or state in their own manner. It is something that might be called a human festival, because the people young and old and even “the animals, the oxen and the horse, the donkey and the dog” all take part.

This particular kind of a play was especially well portrayed in “The Story of Grand Forks County,” a historical pageant in five episodes, which was presented in the little town of Larimore on June second, nineteen hundred and twenty. Thirty different communities, working in coöperation and under the direction of a central committee, selected the material,

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

dramatized the events, and acted the parts. One thousand persons, ranging in age from a seven-months-old baby to a white-haired man of sixty-five were the players. Schools, churches, clubs, bands, choruses, and various other social agencies contributed their enthusiasm and energies in making the spectacle a success. Ten thousand people saw the production. Eleven hundred automobiles were parked on the grounds, and this did not include those standing in rows in the center of down-town streets.

Larimore, after all, isn't such a big town, but it is a mighty interesting place. Its population is made up of people who appreciate the big things in life. And when a worth-while thing comes along they put their shoulders to the wheel and—well they make whatever it is go. They showed their mettle when they built the stage for the pageant in a corner of their newly laid-out park. For several days, sometimes in the morning as early as five o'clock, the men in the community were up and at work. They used ice tongs to carry the four hundred bridge planks, which, by the way, were eighteen

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feet long, twelve inches wide, and four inches thick. They borrowed these from the county commissioners and constructed a huge platform seventy-two feet in width and thirty-six feet in depth. The background was one hundred and fifty-six feet long and twenty feet in height. There were two wings, fourteen and sixteen feet high respectively, on each side. All of these were covered with branches of trees cut and hauled on hayracks from a nearby brook. In the center of the background rows of seats were built in the shape of a tree which held a chorus of two hundred girls, robed in pure white. They came from different sections of the county and sang during the interludes. The seats were arranged in amphitheater style. At each corner a band was stationed. Tents pitched back of the stage were used for dressing rooms. The stage manager happened to be a local auto taxi owner.

June second was an ideal day. At two o'clock in the afternoon the buglers announced the opening of "The Story of Grand Forks County," a historical pageant in five episodes. Then came the procession of the bands and a

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

chorus. The prologue or story of the play followed. It was written by one schoolmaster and given by another. It is well worth quoting, for it not only shows a fine poetic temperament but tells the history of one of America's finest agricultural counties.

"Friends, we have gathered here beneath the  
    vaulted sky,  
In God's great out-of-doors, where nature  
    greeted the eye,  
With grass and trees and flowers—we've  
    gathered here to stage  
The story of our County down to the present  
    age.  
In song and dance and tableau its history will  
    be told;  
In interludes and episodes our pageant will  
    unfold.  
We journey back in fancy a span of fifty years,  
Back to the days of Indians and hardy  
    pioneers.  
Here waves a sea of prairie grass upon the  
    endless plain;  
Here lies a pile of whitening bones that mark  
    the bison's reign.  
Within a fringe of forest green that skirts a  
    river's flow,

L A R I M O R E

The Indians are breaking camp—'tis time for  
them to go.

'The white man comes,' the scouts report, 'our  
hunting here is done,

The white man comes and we must go, on  
towards the setting sun.'

"As night comes on and in the west the sun  
sets for the day,

Full slowly up the valley an ox-team weaves  
its way.

It draws a covered wagon. On the driver's  
seat a man,

His head turned back, is speaking to a woman  
in the van;

'Look, Mary, there's a likely spot in yonder  
grove of trees,

There's water, fuel, fish, and game; the grass  
comes to my knees;

The land is fertile, level, smooth—what need  
to farther roam?

Come let us halt in this fair place and build  
ourselves a home.'

Thus did they come, our pioneers, brave hus-  
band, braver wife,

Heroic souls that sang and worked and asked  
no odds of life.

So friends, to-day, the picture that first will  
meet our sight,

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

Is the leaving of the red man and the coming  
of the white.

The world is restless, craves to move, and  
therefore mankind feels

A deep abiding gratitude to the man who first  
made wheels.

The great improvements made in wheels, the  
constant evolution

From wagon down to motor car has caused a  
revolution,

Affecting every phase of life, our business and  
our pleasure,

And proved itself in countless ways a blessing  
beyond measure.

It was a happy day indeed when on the frontier  
trails

The pioneers beheld the sight of shining iron  
rails,

That spelled the end of grueling trips to market  
by ox-team,

And heralded the coming of their greatest  
ally—steam.

When now the growth and progress of trans-  
portation's shown,

It will explain one reason why prosperity has  
grown.

“Year after year more settlers came, each year  
more fields were tilled,

## L A R I M O R E

And lavish Nature blessed their work, their  
granaries were filled  
With golden wheat and other grains; their  
herds of cattle grew;  
They prospered greatly and progressed and  
those who failed were few.  
Then one by one the towns sprang up, with  
smithy, bank, and store,  
With elevator, mill, and yard, and markets at  
their door.  
The towns and farms worked hand in hand,  
theirs was a common cause.  
And from the start unto this day, advancing  
without pause,  
Our industries have grown apace, have made  
our County great—  
Till it is known both far and wide the banner  
of the State.

“The greatest factor in the growth of county,  
state, or nation,  
No thing is dearer to our hearts than is the  
common school,  
What makes for happiness and peace is public  
education;  
For well we know that it must be if liberty  
shall rule.  
Our fathers when they came built schools,  
albeit they were rude,

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

Judged by our standards, poorly taught, ill-disciplined, and crude.

These schools did foster splendid men and noble women too;

And from that small beginning our present system grew.

Our pageant here will show to you how we have forged ahead,

How in the work of betterment our schools have always led.

Yet, we can not be satisfied with that which we have done,

For after all our 'schools' advance is only well begun.

"Whence came these men who wrought these deeds? What land did give them birth?

They came from distant lands and climes, from far across the earth.

The Frenchman came; the Irishman; the German, Scotch, and Norse;

And every mother's son of them, a man of strength and force,

That threw himself into the work with hands and heart and brain,

That labored for our Country's weal with all his might and main,

Their children, born beneath our flag and fostered in our schools,

L A R I M O R E

Hold for the land of liberty a love that never  
cools;  
They all are real Americans—Americans  
through and through  
They stand for order, law, and right, for all  
that's good and true.  
So in this pageant of to-day as episodes unfold  
The marvels of our progress; as our wondrous  
growth is told,  
All is centered round the people; 'tis their story  
we portray,  
For the people made the County what the  
County is to-day."

G. T. Almen.

After the prologue, the five episodes and interludes were enacted in a manner highly satisfactory to the ten thousand spectators. Real Indians, dog and pony travois, an old prairie schooner, a sod shanty, the Red River ox-cart, the first railroad engine to enter the county, a stage coach of pioneer days, the cradle, the reaper, the old breaking plow, the one room school house, the different peoples from foreign countries who settled in the county, added interest and gave color to the pageant. The children from the different schools in the county were costumed to represent the different grains,

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

the prairie roses and the violets, the strawberries and the potatoes. One set of girls interpreted an original wind dance. A boys' band, a business men's band, a farmers' band, and a chorus furnished the music.

The final tableau or scene was a magnificent sight, something that will never be forgotten. In the center of the forest background on tiers of raised seats, two hundred girls clad in white were standing. Above them the Stars and Stripes were floating. Down on the stage, a thousand players, real country people, were grouped. On the ground and in a circle ten thousand people were standing. The bands were playing and everybody was singing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

One who stood there and looked at it all could not help but think what tremendous opportunities there are out on these prairies, if only the people can find their true expression. As a certain person who was very active in making it a success said, "What shall we say of it? What shall be the future?" The joy of self-expression is a supreme one. "I was in it." "I made a poster." "We made the violet cos-

tumes." "Our dog hauled the wigwam"—in fact, "I helped," these are the words on every lip. Truly it was a pageant "of the people, by the people, for the people," with none too great nor too small to participate.

For everyone it has meant a great lesson in patriotism and coöperation. For each community in the county it means a refreshing social contact and an unselfish interest in local affairs. It means the creating of pure and wholesome pleasure, rather than the purchasing of that which is often doubtful. It means the discovery of much hidden talent. For the individual it means greater development of social consciousness, a broader and deeper appreciation of his brother and friend, a desire not only to do something for himself but to help someone else. And this is the real gospel of America to-day, the flower of service, which with the aid of stirring imagination will develop into one of everlasting sweetness and beauty.

Up in Grand Forks County they have a county superintendent with a vision, one who not only sees but organizes and does the things.

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

The pageant did what she dreamed it would do. It brought into play all the talent of the county. The art of the people was expressed through the setting, the costumes, the posters, and the light effects; the music, through song and instrument; the organizing power through promotion, seating arrangement, rehearsal, and presentation; the mechanical genius through the stage construction; and the literary ability through the gathering, the arranging, and the writing of the subject matter.

When all these faculties are brought into exercise, they cannot help but arouse the creative instincts in the mind of the county or the community. They appeal to the heart instincts. This is one of the pageant's great values to society.

## FORTY TOWNS



## FORTY TOWNS

**I**N order to feel the pulse of the people of the state in regard to their attitude toward plays, as well as to carry the drama to the people, a road tour of forty towns was made. Twenty-two counties were visited. The play selected for this trip was "Back to the Farm," written by Merline Shumway, a former student at the Minnesota Agricultural College. It is a three-act rural comedy. The central thought running through the play is the old way of doing things on the farm versus the new method. It appeals to all classes of people and especially to those who have tilled the soil. One farmer said it was the best thing he had ever seen. Another told his friends that "'Back to the Farm' had 'The Birth of a Nation' skun a mile." They were both right, because to them the play came out of the soil.

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

A cast of eight characters was taken on the tour. They were given twenty-five dollars a week and their railroad fares. In the evening they presented the play and during the day made a brief social survey of every community visited. For instance, one young man would go to the livery stable or garage and find out something about the roads in the surrounding community. Naturally, roads have something to do with people getting together. Another would measure the size of village halls, the assembly rooms in schoolhouses, the basements of churches, empty country stores, and lodge rooms—in fact, any place where people assembled. Listing musical activities in the town was the duty of one member of the cast. Still another looked up everything he could find about athletics in the different places. The various clubs, organizations, and societies in the town were tabulated by one young man. The three ladies in the cast ascertained the number of festivals, pageants, home talent plays, programs, games, folk dances, library facilities, and newspapers. All of these facts, combined with other data obtained before and

since then, make a splendid social diagnosis of certain phases of country life in North Dakota. They give one an insight into the activities of country folks out on a prairie. Many interesting conditions were revealed by the survey and knowledge gained elsewhere.

As a rule the roads are good. Travel in the late spring, summer, and fall is comparatively easy. In the winter it is more difficult, just as it is in any state. In some places the roads are graded ten, fifteen, and twenty miles out from a center. The prairie or grass road is frequently used to save time. It is not an uncommon occurrence for parties to drive twenty and thirty miles to attend a picnic, a play or a social function of some kind. Even in the winter and early spring the snow and "gumbo" do not stop them from attending social activities. Automobiles average from one to three to a section of land. Means of communication are constantly improving. Inasmuch as the homes in the country in the state are far apart, due to the present large acreage of the farms, the roads are an important factor in developing the social life in the country districts.

Practically every community possesses some sort of a hall or a meeting place. In size they accommodate, so far as the seating arrangement is concerned, from one to six hundred persons. In the forty towns visited, four had halls with a seating capacity of less than one hundred and fifty, fifteen with two hundred, twelve with three hundred, five with four hundred and four with six hundred and over. The seats were not stationary, the halls being used for other purposes. For the most part they consisted of folding chairs, kitchen chairs, boxes, saw-horses, and barn floor planks. The stages were small and the scenery scarce. In several places one could stand on the stage, and touch the ceiling with his hands. The front curtains were usually roll curtains and covered with advertising. Very few stages had a set of scenery. Oil and acetylene lamps furnished the necessary light. Barn lanterns were not uncommon. Occasionally some enterprising community would have electricity. In one village hall electric light bulbs were set in large tomato cans which were cut down on one side. These served as footlights. Automobile head lights facing



Folk Dances, Parades, and Pageants Have Become an Integral Part of the Social Life of the State



toward the stage quite frequently gave the necessary light. Plumbers' candles were sometimes used. Dressing room facilities were generally lacking. Sometimes a ladder was placed at the back window near the stage and the characters in the play who found it necessary to change their make-up would climb out on the ladder and go down in the basement between acts and make the necessary adjustments. Screens, blankets, and sheets pinned across the back corners of the stage make a good impromptu stage dressing room. Several of the halls had excellent dining rooms in connection with them. All the buildings were used for many different community activities. Most of them lacked good architecture, simply because the agencies in education had never taken enough interest in planning community buildings for country districts. The present tendency in consolidated schools is to install stages, platforms, and gymnasiums, in order to make them available for every activity characteristic of community life. A great many of the communities had splendid well arranged halls.

The musical survey showed that in districts

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

where the people were of foreign descent all kinds of music thrived. The majority of the places had the talent, but not the leadership and the organization. Music in the schools was fairly well developed. Dance orchestras were popular. One town had a good orchestra, a fine band, and a glee club. Another had just a band of fifteen pieces. Victrolas were popular and in use in every school for games and folk dances. An interesting feature of the different kinds of music was the popularity of the violin. Every orchestra was blessed with this particular kind of a string instrument.

So far as clubs and organizations are concerned, every community has plenty of them. Some of them are very active and broad-minded, as well as farseeing in their work. Others are petty in their attitude and inclined to do very little. Many duplicate each other's work. Where there is leadership, the organizations are alert and perform many valuable acts of service.

Athletic activities in the various towns and country districts are extremely popular with both the young and the old. Baseball is gen-



Of the Fifty-three Counties in the State Thirty-five Have County Play Days



## FORTY TOWNS

erally played at twilight, between seven-thirty and nine-thirty in the evening. Basketball tournaments in consolidated school districts attract considerable attention. Field days at farmers' picnics create an unusual interest.

County play days in which all the children in the county meet at some particular place and participate in games, folk dances, parades, and pageants have become an integral part of the social life of the state. Out of the fifty-three counties in the state over thirty-five have play days. From two to ten thousand people attend these annual affairs.

The attitude of the weekly papers toward social functions and public programs is excellent. Space is freely given. The library facilities for furnishing data for presentation on public programs are not good, due primarily to lack of material and funds with which to purchase it. The possibilities for library work in the country districts in the state and even other states are infinite. Thousands of letters besides the survey of the forty towns attest this fact.

Hundreds of plays are presented in the state

every year. Home talent plays are generally greeted with great crowds everywhere. Everybody "likes 'em." Operettas are popular because large casts of characters are necessary to produce them. And besides everybody likes to see his offspring, relative, or friend take part. It is human nature to see what is in a person. The audiences are always enthusiastic and appreciative. The repertoire consists of comedies, classical plays, Christmas festivals, pantomimes, operettas, and May fetes. The community without a play is one without a leader. In a great many towns and rural districts the play, the picnic, and the Christmas festival are annual affairs. It is doubtful whether anything proves so popular with the vast majority of people as a real play staged by honest-to-goodness country folks. It also unconsciously brings out a spirit of leadership.

These few facts which were gathered by the cast during the day, coupled with other information secured before and after the tour, tell one something, perhaps not much, about the social life of country people in a prairie state.

The experiences encountered during the

## FORTY TOWNS

forty-day sojourn were interesting, to say the least. The audiences ranged in size from twenty-six persons to seven hundred. A county fair or circus admission of fifty cents for adults and twenty-five for children was charged. Sometimes the audiences were made up of cowboys, or cow-punchers, as the Westerners say. In one community two hundred sheep herders saw the play. In another, lignite coal miners and their families witnessed the production. For the most part the halls were filled with wheat growers and dairymen and their kin. With a few possible exceptions the crowds were rural in their complexion. Out in the extreme western part of the state the lights balked and the play never started until nine forty-five in the evening. In one town a thirteen dollar and fifty cent crowd enjoyed the comedy. It was necessary to purchase a bolt of chocolate colored cambric in another place, because only one screen could be found in the whole community. The cambric was used as a background and the screen for a left wing. The back of a piano with the American flag drooped over it served as the right wing. Old-fashioned acetylene

lamps gave the necessary light. A large dry goods box was used for a ticket stand. Planks resting on saw horses satisfied the crowd so far as a seating arrangement was concerned. Social functions frequently followed the presentation of the play. After paying all expenses, the profits on the forty town road tour amounted to six dollars and sixty-seven cents.

The tour showed that people actually like plays. It carried the drama to the people.

COLD SPRING HOLLOW



## COLD SPRING HOLLOW

A LITTLE over a year ago it was my good fortune to spend several days in Berkeley County, West Virginia. "Tepee," a jovial and good natured fellow and myself were in a camp out three miles from historic Martinsburg. The place was not so very far from the Maryland border. The festival chosen was "The Ingathering," a story about America, in which food for humanity was the central theme. The characters were the country youth from those West Virginia hills. The site selected was Cold Spring Hollow near Opequan Creek. It was a beautiful spot in a little valley on Uncle Nat's farm. On the hillsides which rose right and left from the hollow, there were many stately pines. A spring in the upper part of the valley kept the grass green and furnished many a refreshing drink.

The scene of the story of "The Ingathering" is laid in the Garden of Freedom where the Altar of Liberty is concealed. Mother Earth is escorted through a field of golden grain to the Garden. Here she stops and tells her escort that the Holy Earth has a soul and that through the ages her friends have been, Story, Art, and Song and that the elements of nature when the seasons were made selected Autumn as the most beautiful of all. The Spirit of Autumn, arrayed in all the colors characteristic of that season, moves about the field with graceful rhythm. Story then comes running through the field into the Garden of Freedom and tells Mother Earth that her children, representing many different races, are coming in search of the Altar of Liberty. They enter the field talking, though they do not understand each other. They babble. As they approach the Garden she halts them, asks them to be seated and gives Story a basket of bread that they may have food to eat. Mother Earth realizes that when people break bread with each other they not only understand each other better, but they also exemplify the noblest vir-

## COLD SPRING HOLLOW

tues of mankind—sacrifice and charity. Story then tells Mother Earth that people since time immemorial have commemorated the ingathering of food. Art comes and teaches the races many games and frolics with them. In the distance Song is heard. She enters and succeeds in getting all these people singing together. Mother Earth beckons Story, Art, and Song to bring all these people to the Garden of Freedom. They come and kneel with hands outstretched. For a moment darkness reigns everywhere. Story, Art, and Song uncover what these children for generations have been praying for. Light again appears and before their eyes the Altar of Liberty is seen in the Garden of Freedom which is located in the land called America.

The Altar of Liberty was constructed out of poles and evergreens cut from the nearby woods. Joe and Jim, two country lads, were the architects and builders. Joe was fat and chubby and about as large around as an apple barrel. He had a pair of merry blue eyes and everybody liked him. One day after the rehearsal, when we were laying out the frame

work of the altar with poles, I said, "Joe, don't you think you had better get a saw and cut the ends of these poles straight so they'll stand erect?" Joe looked at me and said, "Don't you think I can cut them?" He was standing with his hand and foot resting on the handle and blade of a wood chopper's ax. When told he might try, he raised the ax over his shoulder and with several strokes cut the pole off as straight and clean as any first-class carpenter would have sawed it. After that day when anybody saw Joe carrying an ax around the camp they would follow him, because they knew Joe was an expert woodsman. Jim, his pal, was lean, had brown eyes, and was somewhat rough spoken. But Jim could drive twenty penny spikes. His aim was true. Of the many he drove he never missed a head. The construction of the Altar of Liberty was the medium through which Joe and Jim got interested in the festival.

The evening it was presented the automobiles which usually furnished the lights were not there. The hilly roads prevented their coming down into the valley. Some other kind

## COLD SPRING HOLLOW

of light had had to be found. One day during the week a fourteen-year-old boy had been seen scratching a match on the edge of a tin can cover. When asked what made the flame he said it was pitch. After a few trials as to its light power, the lads were sent up into the woods to get all they could find. They brought back large quantities. Chunks of pitch as large as your fists were placed on flat pieces of limestone near the altar. These natural footlights with a huge bonfire furnished all the light necessary for the production. A small organ, about the size of three suit-cases placed on top of each other, was used for the musical effects. The audience was made up of about a hundred and twenty-five country people. They were seated on peach crates, buggy seats, camp stools, horse blankets, and checkered bed quilts.

The evening the festival was presented was an ideal one. The air was cool and crisp. The stars were out. In the distance Opequan Creek could be heard. The scene was a most impressive one. Evergreen boughs laid on the ground in the form of a circle separated the audience from those who took part in the play.

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

At the right and up the hill a little way the organ could be heard at intervals. The most beautiful part of it all was near the end of the festival when the reflection of the lights on the flat stones showed the ensemble of the characters. They were kneeling in the Garden of Freedom with their hands outstretched toward the Altar of Liberty singing—

“Our fathers’ God, to Thee,  
Author of Liberty  
To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom’s holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!”

The effect was thrilling. In a valley in the foothills of West Virginia a group of country people were not only finding themselves, but they were also expressing a great American ideal.

The message of The Little Country Theater—to help people find their true expression in the community in which they live—was carried beyond the golden stubbled field of the land of the Dacotahs into the heart of the hills of West Virginia.

Knowledge is of two kinds—We know a subject ourselves  
or we know where we can find information upon it.

*Samuel Johnson.*

## APPENDICES

He reads much. He is a great observer, and he looks  
quite through the deeds of men.

*Shakespeare.*



In order to give the reader of this narrative on The Little Country Theater an insight into the hidden possibilities for the development of a life in both town and country, a life with more color and romance, a select list of reading materials is given. Aside from the program material sources, a careful reading of such books as *The Holy Earth*, by Liberty Bailey; *Three Acres and Liberty*, by Bolton Hall; *The Fairview Idea*, by Herbert Quick; *The Village*, by Ernest Poole; *The Farmer and The New Day*, by Kenyon Butterfield, and scores of other books cannot help but broaden one's outlook upon life. A reading taste could easily be developed in this and other countries if every community, regardless of its size, would place a book shelf containing interesting literature in the country store, village post office, community hall, school house, or somebody's home. A few dollars, say fifteen or twenty-five would be a sufficient fund to begin the reading circle. The school master, especially the county superintendent, would soon see a changed attitude and a renewed interest in education. The grown-ups, the folks whose school days are no more, as well as the school children would, if a library bookshelf was placed in every hamlet, be given an opportunity to spend at least a part of their leisure time, with pleasure and profit. Good books are good friends. Reading one is like visiting somebody you haven't seen in a long while. The author dedicates the several pages left to those who want to read that they may know.



## APPENDIX A

Select list of suitable reference material—General References, Country Life, Suggested Lists of Plays, Presentation of Plays, Promotion of Plays.

### GENERAL REFERENCES

- Ancient Art and Ritual*—Jane Ellen Harrison. Publisher, Henry Holt and Company, New York City, New York.
- Book of Days, The*—R. Chambers. Publisher, W. and R. Chambers, London, England.
- Dramas and Dramatic Dances*—William Ridgeway. Publisher, Cambridge University Press, London, England.
- Drama of Savage People, The*—Loomis Havemeyer. Publisher, Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut.
- Fine Arts, The*—G. Baldwin Brown. Publisher, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, New York.
- Golden Bough, The*—J. G. Frazer. Publisher, The Macmillan Company, New York City, New York.
- Play of Man, The*—Karl Groos. Publisher, D. Appleton and Company, New York City, New York.
- Amateur and Educational Dramatics*—Evelyne Hillard, Theodora McCormick, Kate Oglebay. Publisher, The Macmillan Company, New York City, New York.
- Art Theater, The*—Sheldon Cheney. Publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, New York City, New York.
- Book of Marionettes, A*—Helen Haiman Joseph. Publisher, B. W. Huebsch, New York City, New York.
- Chief Contemporary Dramatists*—Thomas Dickinson. Publisher, Houghton Mifflin Company, New York City, New York.
- Civic Theater, The*—Percy Mackaye. Publisher, Mitchell Kennerley, New York City, New York.

## A P P E N D I X

- Community Theater, The*—Louise Burleigh. Publisher, Little, Brown and Company, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Drama, The*—Alfred Bates. Publisher, The Athenian Society, London, England.
- Drama League Series of Plays, The*—Publisher, Doubleday, Page and Company, New York City, New York.
- History of the Theater in America, A*—Arthur Hornblow. Publisher, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
- Insurgent Theater, The*—Thomas Dickinson. Publisher, B. W. Huebsch, New York City, New York.
- Life and Art of Edwin Booth*—William Winter. Publisher, The Macmillan Company, New York City, New York.
- Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson*—William Winter. Publisher, The Macmillan Company, New York City, New York.
- Masterpieces of Modern Drama, The*—John Alexander Pierce and Brander Matthews. Publisher, Doubleday, Page and Company, New York City, New York.
- Mediaeval Stage, The*—E. K. Chambers. Publisher, A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Neighborhood Entertainments*—Renee B. Stern. Publisher, Sturgis and Walton Company, New York City, New York.
- Our American Holidays*—Robert Haven Schauffler, Publisher, Moffat, Yard and Company, New York City, New York.
- Plays and Players*—Walter Prichard Eaton. Publisher, Stewart and Kidd Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Studies in Stage Craft*—Clayton Hamilton. Publisher, Henry Holt and Company, New York City, New York.
- Ten Thousand Words Often Mispronounced*—William H. Phyfe. Publisher, Putnam Sons, New York City, New York.

## A P P E N D I X

*Theaters and Picture Houses*—Arthur S. Meloy. Publisher, Architects Supply and Publishing Company, New York City, New York.

*Theater Through Its Stage Door*—David Belasco. Publisher, Harper and Brothers, New York City, New York.

*Training for the Stage*—Arthur Hornblow. Publisher, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

## COUNTRY LIFE

*Adult Recreation as a Social Problem*—Edward Alsworth Ross. Source, *The American Journal of Sociology*, January, Nineteen Eighteen. Publisher, The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Illinois.

*American Country Girl, The*—Martha Foote Crow. Publisher, Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York City, New York.

*Chapters in Rural Progress*—Kenyon L. Butterfield. Publisher, The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Illinois.

*Constructive Rural Sociology*—John M. Gillette. Publisher, Sturgis and Walton Company, New York City, New York.

*Country Life Movement in the United States, The*—L. H. Bailey. Publisher, The Macmillan Company, New York City, New York.

*Country Town, The*—Wilbert L. Anderson. Publisher, The Baker and Taylor Company, New York City, New York.

*Educational Needs of Farm Women*—United States Department of Agriculture, Report No. 105. Publisher, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

*Fairview Idea, The*—Herbert Quick. Publisher, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

*Farm Boys and Girls*—William A. McKeever. Publisher, The Macmillan Company, New York City, New York.

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- Farmer and the New Day, The*—Kenyon L. Butterfield. Publisher, The Macmillan Company, New York City, New York.
- Holy Earth, The*—L. H. Bailey. Publisher, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, New York.
- Introduction to Rural Sociology*—Paul Vogt. Publisher, D. Appleton and Company, New York City, New York.
- Little Town, The*—Harlan Paul Douglas. Publisher, The Macmillan Company, New York City, New York.
- Our European Neighbors*—Twelve volumes edited by William Harbutt Dawson. Publisher, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City, New York.
- Outlines of Economics*—Richard T. Ely. Publisher, The Macmillan Company, New York City, New York.
- Plans of Rural Community Buildings*—W. C. Nason. Source, Farmers Bulletin 1173. Publisher, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.
- Proceedings—First, Second, and Third National Country Life Conferences.* Publisher, National Country Life Association, Amherst, Massachusetts, c/o Kenyon L. Butterfield.
- Psychic Causes of Rural Migration*—Ernest R. Groves. Source, *The American Journal of Sociology*, March, Nineteen Sixteen. Publisher, The University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois.
- Rural Improvement*—Frank Waugh. Publisher, Orange, Judd Company, New York City, New York.
- Rural Life Problem of the United States, The*—Sir Horace Plunkett. Publisher, The Macmillan Company, New York City, New York.
- Rural Planning and Colonization*—Ben Faast. Publisher, Wisconsin Colonization Company, Eau Claire, Wisconsin.
- Rural Versus Urban*—John W. Bookwalter. Publisher, The Knickerbocker Press, New York City, New York.

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*Six Thousand Country Churches*—Charles Otis Gill and Gifford Pinchot. Publisher, The Macmillan Company, New York City, New York.

*Social Anatomy of a Rural Community, The*—Charles J. Galpin. Source, Wisconsin Research Bulletin, Number 34. Publisher, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin.

*State and the Farmer, The*—L. H. Bailey. Publisher, The Macmillan Company, New York City, New York.

*Three Acres and Liberty*—Bolton Hall. Publisher, The Macmillan Company, New York City, New York.

*Village, The*—Ernest Poole. Publisher, The Macmillan Company, New York City, New York.

### SUGGESTED LIST OF PLAYS—ONE ACT

*Afternoon Rehearsal, An*—Lizzie M. Knapp. Characters, Six Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.

*American Beauties*—A. Seaman. Characters, Six Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.

*Aunt Minerva*—Catherine Tudor. Characters, Five Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.

*Bank Account, The*—Howard Brock. Characters, One Male, Two Female. Publisher, Brentano, New York City, New York.

*Barbara*—Jerome K. Jerome. Characters, Two Male, Two Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.

*Belles of Canterbury, The*—Characters, Eleven Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.

*Between the Soup and the Savory*—Gertrude Jennings. Characters, Three Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.

*Bishop's Candlesticks*—Norman McKinnel. Characters, Three Male, Two Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.

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- Bracelet, The*—Alfred Sutro. Characters, Four Male, Four Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Broken Paper Parcel, A*—M. J. W. Characters, Two Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Business Meeting, A*—Arlo Bates. Characters, Ten Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Christening Robe, The*—Anne L. Estebrook. Characters, Twelve Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Christmas Chime, A*—Margaret Cameron. Characters, Two Male, Two Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Christmas Tale, A*—Maurice Boucher. Characters, Two Male, Two Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Clod, The*—Lewis Beach. Characters, Four Male, One Female. Publisher, Doubleday, Page and Company, New York City, New York.
- Cooks and Cardinals*—Norman C. Lindon. Characters, Four Male, Two Female. Publisher, Harvard Plays, 47 Workshop, Brentano's, New York City, New York.
- Courtship of Miles Standish*—Eugene W. Presbrey. Characters, Two Male, Two Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Cut Off with a Shilling*—S. T. Smith. Characters, Two Male, One Female. Publisher, Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Dancing Dolls*—Kenneth Sawyer Goodman. Characters, Four Male, Seven Female. Publisher, The Stage Guild, Chicago, Illinois.
- Day That Lincoln Died, The*—Prescott Warren and Will Hutchins. Characters, Five Male, Two Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.

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- Deacon's Hat, The*—Jeanette Marks. Characters, Three Male, Three Female. Publisher, Three Welsh Plays, Little, Brown and Company, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Dear Departed, The*—Stanley Houghton. Characters, Three Male, Three Female. Publisher, Five One Act Plays, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Dinner at Seven Sharp*—Tudor Jenks. Characters, Five Male, Three Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Dress Rehearsal of Hamlet*—Mary Macmillan. Characters, Ten Female. Publisher, Stewart and Kidd, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Embers*—George Middleton. Characters, Two Male, Two Female. Publisher, Henry Holt and Company, New York City, New York.
- Far Away Princess, The*—Herman Sudermann. Characters, Two Male, Seven Female. Publisher, Roses, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, New York.
- Fatal Message, The*—John Kendrick Bangs. Characters, Five Male, Four Female. Publisher, Harper and Brothers, New York City, New York.
- First Come, First Served*—John Maddison Morton. Characters, Three Male, Three Female. Publisher, Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Florist Shop, The*—Winifred Hawkrige. Characters, Three Male, Two Female. Publisher, In Harvard Plays, Brentano's, New York City, New York.
- Futurists*—Mary Macmillan. Characters, Eight Women. Publisher, Stewart and Kidd, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Gettysburg*—Percy MacKaye. Characters, One Male, One Female. Publisher, Duffield and Company, New York City, New York.
- Ghost of Jerry Bundler, The*—W. W. Jacobs and Charles Rock. Characters, Seven Male. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.

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- Girls, The*—Mabel H. Crane. Characters, Nine Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Green Coat, The*—Alfred De Musset and Emile Augier. Characters, Three Male, One Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Holly Tree Inn*—O. Berringer. Characters, Four Male, Three Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Hour Glass, The*—W. B. Yeats. Characters, Three Male, One Female. Publisher, Plays from the Irish Theater, Macmillan and Company, New York City, New York.
- How the Vote Was Won*—Cicely Hamilton and Christopher St. John. Characters, Two Male, Eight Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Indian Summer*—Meilhac and Halevy. Characters, Two Male, Two Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- In Hospital*—Thomas H. Dickinson. Characters, Three Male, Two Female. Publisher, In Wisconsin Plays, B. W. Huebsch, New York City, New York.
- Intruder, The*—Maurice Maeterlinck. Characters, Three Male, Five Female. Publisher, Dodd, Mead and Company, New York City, New York.
- In the Wrong House*—Martin Becher. Characters, Four Male, Two Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- In the Zone*—Eugene O'Neill. Characters, Nine Male. Publisher, The Moon of the Caribbees, Boni and Liveright, New York City, New York.
- Joint Owners in Spain*—Alice Brown. Characters, Four Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.

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- Kleptomaniac, The*—Margaret Cameron. Characters, Seven Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Lend Me Five Shillings*—J. Maddison Morton. Characters, Five Male, Two Female. Publisher, Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Little Red Mare, The*—O. E. Young. Characters, Three Male. Publisher, Dick and Fitzgerald, New York City, New York.
- Lonesomelike*—Harold Brighthouse. Characters, Two Male, Two Female. Publisher, Gowans and Gray, London, England.
- Lost Silk Hat, The*—Lord Dunsany. Characters, Five Male. Publisher, Mitchell Kennerley, New York City, New York.
- Maker of Dreams, The*—Oliphant Down. Characters, Two Male, One Female. Publisher, Gowans and Gray, London, England.
- Marriage Has Been Arranged, A*—Alfred Sutro. Characters, One Male, One Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Marriage Proposal, A*—Anton Tchekoff. Characters, Two Male, One Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Merry, Merry Cuckoo, The*—Jeanette Marks. Characters, Four Male, One Female. Publisher, Little, Brown and Company, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Misdemeanor of Nancy, A*—Eleanor Hoyt. Characters, Two Male, Three Female. Publisher, The Speaker, Volume Two, Hinds, Hayden and Eldredge, New York City, New York.
- Miss Civilization*—Richard Harding Davis. Characters, Four Male, One Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.

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- Modesty*—Paul Hervieu. Characters, Two Male, One Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Mouse Trap*—Burton Harrison. Characters, One Male, One Female. Publisher, Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Mouse Trap, The*—William Dean Howells. Characters, One Male, Six Female. Publisher, Houghton, Mifflin Company, New York City, New York.
- Mrs. Oakley's Telephone*—Eudora M. Jennings. Characters, Four Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Mrs. Patt and the Law*—Mary Aldis. Characters, Three Male, Two Female. Publisher, Plays for Small Stages, Duffield and Company, New York City, New York.
- Nance Oldfield*—C. Reade. Characters, Three Male, Two Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Neighbors*—Zona Gale. Characters, Two Male, Six Female. Publisher, Wisconsin Plays, B. W. Huebsch, New York City, New York.
- Newly Married Couple, A*—Bjornstjerne Bjornson. Characters, Three Male, Four Female. Publisher, E. P. Dutton and Company, New York City, New York.
- Noble Lord, The*—Percival Wilde. Characters, Two Male, One Female. Publisher, Henry Holt and Company, New York City, New York.
- Obstinancy*—R. Benedix. Characters, Three Male, Three Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Old Peabody Pew, The*—Kate Douglas Wiggin. Characters, One Male, Eight Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Op'-O-Mc-Thumb*—Frederic Fenn and Richard Pryce. Char-

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- acters, Five Female, One Male. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Orange Blossoms*—J. P. Wooler. Characters, Three Male, Three Female. Publisher, Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Our Aunt from California*—M. D. Barnum. Characters, Six Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Overtones*—Alice Gerstenberg. Characters, Four Female. Publisher, Washington Square Plays, Doubleday, Page and Company, New York City, New York.
- Pair of Lunatics, A*—W. R. Walkes. Characters, One Male, One Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Pantaloon*—J. M. Barrie. Characters, Four Male, One Female. Publisher, Half Hours, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, New York.
- Pipers Pay, The*—Margaret Cameron. Characters, Seven Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Playing with Fire*—Percival Wilde. Characters, One Male, Two Female. Publisher, Dawn and Other One Act Plays, Henry Holt and Company, New York City, New York.
- Pot of Broth, A*—W. B. Yeats. Characters, Two Male, One Female. Publisher, In the Hour Glass and Other Plays, Macmillan Company, New York City, New York.
- Prairie Wolf, The*—John Lange. Characters, Five Male, Three Female. Publisher, The Little Country Theater, North Dakota Agricultural College, Fargo, North Dakota.
- Press Cuttings*—Bernard Shaw. Characters, Four Male, Four Female. Publisher, Press Cuttings, Brentano's, New York City, New York.

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- Princess Faraway, The*—Edmond Rostand. Characters, One Male, Two Female. Publisher, Hinds, Noble and Eldredge, New York City, New York.
- Proposal under Difficulties, A*—John Kendrick Bangs. Characters, Three Male, Two Female. Publisher, Harper and Brothers, New York City, New York.
- Real Thing, The*—John Kendrick Bangs. Characters, Two Male, Five Female. Publisher, Harper and Brothers, New York City, New York.
- Riders to the Sea*—J. M. Synge. Characters, One Male, Three Female. Publisher, John W. Luce, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Rising of the Moon, The*—Lady Gregory. Characters, Four Male. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Sam Average*—Percy Mackaye. Characters, Three Male, One Female. Publisher, Duffield and Company, New York City, New York.
- Side Show, The*—John Kendrick Bangs. Characters, Six Male, Four Female. Publisher, Harper and Brothers, New York City, New York.
- Silent System, The*—A. Dreyfus. Characters, One Male, One Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil*—Stuart Walker. Characters, Seven Male, Two Female. Publisher, Little, Brown and Company, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Spreading the News*—Lady Gregory. Characters, Seven Male, Three Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Sunbonnets*—Marian D. Campbell. Characters, Eleven Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.

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*Sunset*—Jerome K. Jerome. Characters, Three Male, Three Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.

*Suppressed Desires*—George Cram Cook and Susan Glaspell. Characters, One Male, Two Female. Publisher, Plays by Susan Glaspell, Small, Maynard and Company, Boston, Massachusetts.

*Swan Song, The*—Anton Tchekoff. Characters, Two Male. Publisher, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, New York.

*Teeth of the Gift Horse, The*—Margaret Cameron. Characters, Two Male, Four Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.

*Three Pills in a Bottle*—Rachel L. Field. Characters, Five Male, Three Female. Publisher, Plays 47 Workshop, Brentano's, New York City, New York.

*Tickets, Please*—Irving Dale. Characters, Four Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.

*Tradition*—George Middleton. Characters, One Male, Two Female. Publisher, Henry Holt and Company, New York City, New York.

*Traveling Man, The*—Lady Gregory. Characters, One Male, One Female, One Child. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.

*Trifles*—Susan Glaspell. Characters, Three Male, Two Female. Publisher, Frank Shay, New York City, New York.

*Washington's First Defeat*—Charles Nirdlinger. Characters, One Male, Two Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.

*Waterloo*—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Characters, Three Male, One Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.

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*Which Is Which*—H. Theyre Smith. Characters, Three Male, Three Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.

*Wire Entanglement, A*—Robert Mantell. Characters, Two Male, Two Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.

*Workhouse Ward, The*—Lady Gregory. Characters, Two Male, One Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.

*Zone Police, The*—Richard Harding Davis. Characters, Four Male. Publisher, Charles Scribner and Sons, New York City, New York.

### SUGGESTED LIST OF PLAYS—MORE THAN ONE ACT

*Abraham Lincoln*—John Drinkwater. Characters, Thirty-three Male, Eight Female. Publisher, Houghton, Mifflin Company, New York City, New York.

*Admirable Crichton, The*—J. M. Barrie. Four Acts. Characters, Seven Male, Seven Female. Publisher, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, New York.

*Adventure of Lady Ursula, The*—Anthony Hope. Four Acts. Characters, Twelve Male, Three Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.

*Alabama*—Augustus Thomas. Four Acts. Characters, Eight Male, Four Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.

*Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire*—J. M. Barrie. Three Acts. Characters, Four Male, Five Female. Publisher, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, New York.

*All-Of-A-Sudden-Peggy*—Ernest Denny. Three Acts. Characters, Five Male, Five Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.

*Amazons, The*—Arthur Pinero. Three Acts. Characters, Seven Male, Five Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.

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- Anti-Matrimony*—Percy Mackaye. Four Acts. Characters, Two Male, Three Female. Publisher, Doubleday, Page and Company, New York City, New York.
- Arrival of Kitty, The*—Norman Lee Swartout. Three Acts. Characters, Five Male, Four Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker and Company, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Arrow Maker's Daughter, The*—Grace E. Smith and Gertrude Nevils. Two Acts. Characters, Six Male, Seven Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Arrow Maker, The*—Mary Austin. Characters, Eight Male, Nine Female. Publisher, Duffield and Company, New York City, New York.
- As You Like It*—William Shakespeare. Five Acts. Characters, Sixteen Male, Four Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Bachelors' Romance, A*—Martha Morton. Four Acts. Characters, Seven Male, Four Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Back to the Farm*—Merline H. Shumway. Three Acts. Characters, Six Male, Four Female. Publisher, University of Minnesota, Agricultural Extension Division, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
- Barbara Frietchie*—Clyde Fitch. Four Acts. Characters, Thirteen Male, Six Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Bee in a Drone's Hive, A*—Cecil Baker. Two Acts. Characters, Nine Male, Five Female. Publisher, The Little Country Theater, North Dakota Agricultural College, Fargo, North Dakota.
- Beyond the Horizon*—Eugene O'Neill. Three Acts. Characters, Six Male, Four Female. Publisher, Boni and Liveright, New York City, New York.
- Bob, Mr.*—Rachel E. Baker. Two Acts. Characters, Three

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- Male, Four Female. Publisher, Eldridge Entertainment House, Franklin, Ohio.
- Breezy Point*—B. M. Locke. Three Acts. Characters, Thirteen Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker and Company, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Brown Mouse, The*—Mabel B. Stevenson, adapted from the Novel by Herbert Quick. Four Acts. Characters, Ten Male, Five Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Cabinet Minister, The*—A. W. Pinero. Four Acts. Characters, Ten Male, Nine Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Captain Rackett*—Charles Townsend. Three Acts. Characters, Five Male, Three Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Chinese, Lantern, The*—Lawrence Housman. Three Acts. Characters, Six Male, Two Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Clarence*—Booth Tarkington. Four Acts. Characters, Five Male, Five Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Christopher Columbus*—Alice Johnstone Walker. Four Acts. Characters, Eighteen Male, Two Female. Publisher, Henry Holt and Company, New York City, New York.
- College Widow, The*—George Ade. Four Acts. Characters, Fifteen Male, Ten Female. Publisher, Sanger and Jordan, New York City, New York.
- County Chairman, The*—George Ade. Four Acts. Characters, Sixteen Male, Six Female. Publisher, Sanger and Jordan, New York City, New York.
- Cousin Kate*—H. H. Davies. Three Acts. Characters, Three Male, Four Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker and Company, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Country-Side, The*—Harry Hagerott. Three Acts. Characters, Eight Male, Three Female. Publisher, The Little

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Country Theater, North Dakota Agricultural College,  
Fargo, North Dakota.

*Cricket on the Hearth*—Charles Dickens. Three Acts.  
Characters, Seven Male, Eight Female. Publisher, The  
Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.

*Cupid at Vassar*—Owen Davis. Four Acts. Characters,  
Twelve Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing  
Company, Chicago, Illinois.

*David Garrick*—T. W. Robertson. Three Acts. Characters,  
Eight Male, Three Female. Publisher, The Dramatic  
Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.

*David Harum*—Eugene Noyes Westcott. Three Acts.  
Characters, Eight Male, Three Female. Publisher,  
Charles Frohman Company, New York City, New York.

*Doll's House, The*—H. Ibsen. Three Acts. Characters,  
Three Male, Four Female. Publisher, Walter H.  
Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.

*Engaged*—W. S. Gilbert. Three Acts. Characters, Five  
Male, Three Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Pub-  
lishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.

*Esmeralda*—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and William  
Gillette. Three Acts. Characters, Ten Male, Five  
Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City,  
New York.

*Every Ship Will Find a Harbor*—Albert C. Heine. Three  
Acts. Characters, Five Male, Four Female. Publisher,  
The Little Country Theater, North Dakota Agricultural  
College, Fargo, North Dakota.

*Farmerette, The*—Evelyn Gray Whiting. Three Acts.  
Characters, Seven Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker,  
Boston, Massachusetts.

*Fortune Hunter, The*—Winchell Smith. Four Acts. Charac-  
ters, Seventeen Male, Three Female. Publisher, Samuel  
French, New York City, New York.

*Girl With the Green Eyes, The*—Clyde Fitch. Four Acts.

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- Characters, Ten Male, Seven Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Great Divide, The*—William Vaughn Moody. Three Acts. Characters, Eleven Male, Three Female. Publisher, Sanger and Jordan, New York City, New York.
- Green Stockings*—A. E. W. Mason. Three Acts. Characters, Seven Male, Five Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Hadda Padda*—Godmundur Kamban. Four Acts. Characters, Nine Male, Seven Female. Publisher, Alfred Knopf, New York City, New York.
- Hazel Kirke*—Steele Mackaye. Four Acts. Characters, Nine Male, Five Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Her Husband's Wife*—A. E. Thomas. Three Acts. Characters, Three Male, Three Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Hick'ry Farm*—Edwin M. Stern. Two Acts. Characters, Six Male, Two Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Hour Glass, The*—William Butler Yeates. Characters, Four Male, Two Female, Two Children. Publisher, The Macmillan Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- House Next Door, The*—J. H. Manners. Three Acts. Characters, Eight Male, Four Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Hurry, Hurry, Hurry*—Leroy Arnold. Three Acts. Characters, Six Male, Three Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Importance of Being Earnest, The*—Oscar Wilde. Three Acts. Characters, Five Male, Four Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- It Pays to Advertise*—Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett. Three Acts. Characters, Eight Male, Four

## APPENDIX

- Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Kindling*—Charles Kenyon. Three Acts. Characters, Six Male, Four Female. Publisher, Doubleday, Page and Company, New York City, New York.
- Lady of the Weeping Willow Tree, The*—Stuart Walker. Three Acts. Characters, Six. Publisher, Stewart and Kidd Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Lady Windermere's Fan*—Oscar Wilde. Four Acts. Characters, Seven Male, Eight Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Leonarda*—Bjornstjerne Bjornson. Four Acts. Characters, Six Male, Six Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Little Minister, The*—J. M. Barrie. Four Acts. Characters, Eleven Male, Five Female. Publisher, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, New York.
- Little Women*—Marian De Forest, adapted from Story by Louisa M. Alcott. Four Acts. Characters, Five Male, Seven Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Lion and the Mouse, The*—Charles Klein. Four Acts. Characters, Ten Male, Eight Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Lonelyville Social Club*—W. C. Parker. Three Acts. Characters, Ten Female. Publisher, Eldridge Entertainment House, Franklin, Ohio
- Man from Home, The*—Booth Tarkington. Four Acts. Characters, Ten Male, Three Female. Publisher, Sanger and Jordan, New York City, New York.
- Man of the Hour*—George Broadhurst. Four Acts. Characters, Thirteen Male, Three Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Man Without a Country, The*—Elizabeth McFadden and A. Crimmins. Three Acts. Characters, Twenty-three

## APPENDIX

- Male, Two Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Melting Pot, The*—Israel Zangwill. Four Acts. Characters, Five Male, Four Female. Publisher, Sanger and Jordan, New York City, New York.
- Mice and Men*—Madeline Lucette Ryley. Four Acts. Characters, Six Male, Six Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Milestones*—A. Bennett and E. Knoblauch. Three Acts. Characters, Nine Male, Six Female. Publisher, George H. Doran, New York City, New York.
- Miss Hobbs*—Jerome K. Jerome. Four Acts. Characters, Five Male, Four Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Miss Lulu Bett*—Zona Gale. Three Acts. Eight Characters. Publisher, Zona Gale, Portage, Wisconsin.
- Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh*—Harry James Smith. Three Acts. Characters, Six Male, Six Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Mrs. Temple's Telegram*—Frank Wyatt and William Morris. Three Acts. Characters, Five Male, Four Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Much Ado About Nothing*—William Shakespeare. Two Acts. Characters, Eight Male, Three Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Nathan Hale*—Clyde Fitch. Four Acts. Characters, Twelve Male, Four Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.
- New Country Woman, The*—Lillian Rolle. Four Acts. Characters, Six Male, Four Female. Publisher, The Little Country Theater, North Dakota Agricultural College, Fargo, North Dakota.
- New York Idea, The*—Langdon Mitchell. Four Acts. Characters, Nine Male, Six Female. Publisher, Walter Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.

## APPENDIX

- Nothing but the Truth*—James Montgomery. Three Acts. Characters, Five Male, Six Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Officer 666*—Augustin MacHugh. Three Acts. Characters, Eight Male, Three Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Our Boys*—Henry J. Bryon. Three Acts. Characters, Six Male, Four Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Pair of Spectacles, A*—Sydney Grundy. Three Acts. Characters, Seven Male, Three Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Peg O' My Heart*—J. Hartley Manners. Three Acts. Characters, Five Male, Four Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Pillars of Society, The*—H. Ibsen. Four Acts. Characters, Ten Male, Nine Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Pomander Walk*—Louis N. Parker. Three Acts. Characters, Ten Male, Eight Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Private Secretary, The*—Charles Hawtrey. Three Acts. Characters, Nine Male, Four Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Professor's Love Story, The*—J. M. Barrie. Three Acts. Characters, Seven Male, Five Female. Publisher, Chicago Manuscript Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- L'Arabella*—Lawrence Housman and Granville Barker. Three Acts. Characters, Eleven Male, One Female. Publisher, Little, Brown and Company, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Pygmalion and Galatea*—W. S. Gilbert. Three Acts. Characters, Four Male, Four Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Quality Street*—J. M. Barrie. Four Acts. Characters, Seven

## APPENDIX

- Male, Six Female. Publisher, Sanger and Jordan, New York City, New York.
- Raindrops, The*—M. Thorfinnson and Eggert V. Briem. Four Acts. Characters, Five Male, Three Female. Publisher, The Little Country Theater, North Dakota Agricultural College, Fargo, North Dakota.
- Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary, The*—Anne Warner. Three Acts. Characters, Seven Male, Six Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Rip Van Winkle*—Charles Burke. Two Acts. Characters, Eleven Male, Three Female, One Child. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Rivals, The*—R. B. Sheridan. Five Acts. Characters, Eight Male, Four Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Romancers, The*—Edmond Rostand. Three Acts. Characters, Five Male, One Female. Publisher Walter H. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Rose O' Plymouth Town*—Beulah Marie Dix and Evelyn G. Sutherland. Four Acts. Characters, Four Male, Four Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Russian Honeymoon, A*—Eugene Scribe. Three Acts. Characters, Four Male, Three Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Sanctuary—A Bird Masque*—Percy Mackaye. Characters, Four Male, Twenty-two Female. Publisher, Frederick A. Stokes, New York City, New York.
- School for Scandal*—Richard B. Sheridan. Five Acts. Characters, Thirteen Male, Four Female. Publisher, Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Scrap of Paper, A*—J. Palgrave Simpson. Three Acts. Characters, Six Male, Six Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Servant in the House, The*—Charles Rann Kennedy. Five

## APPENDIX

- Acts. Characters, Five Male, Two Female. Publisher, Harper and Brothers, New York City, New York.
- She Stoops to Conquer*—Oliver Goldsmith. Five Acts. Characters, Sixteen Male, Four Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Silas, the Chore Boy*—Frank Bernard. Three Acts. Characters, Six Male, Three Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.
- Sitting Bull—Custer*—Aaron McGaffey Beede. Characters, Nine Male, Four Female. Publisher, Bismarck *Tribune*, Bismarck, North Dakota.
- Shore Acres*—James Herne. Four Acts. Characters, Ten Male, Eight Female. Publisher, Charles Frohman Company, New York City, New York.
- Sweethearts*—W. S. Gilbert. Two Acts. Characters, Two Male, Two Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Taming of the Shrew*—William Shakespeare. Three Acts. Characters, Fifteen Male, Three Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Tempest, The*—William Shakespeare. Five Acts. Characters, Five Male, Seven Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Three Hats, The*—A. Shirley. Three Acts. Characters, Five Male, Four Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Thousand Years Ago, A*—Percy Mackaye. Four Acts. Characters, Nine Male, Two Female. Publisher, Doubleday, Page Company, New York City, New York.
- Toastmaster*—Norman Lee Swartout. Three Acts. Characters, Eight Male, Two Female. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Trelawney of the Wells*—Arthur W. Pinero. Four Acts. Characters, Ten Male, Eight Female. Publisher, The

## A P P E N D I X

Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.

*Twelfth Night*—William Shakespeare. Five Acts. Characters, Ten Male, Three Female. Publisher, Walter H. Baker, Boston, Massachusetts.

*Valley Farm*—A. L. Tubbs. Four Acts. Characters, Six Male, Six Female. Publisher, T. S. Denison and Company, Chicago, Illinois.

*Washington, the Man Who Made Us*—Percy Mackaye. Three Acts. Characters, Sixty-six Male, Ten Female. Publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, New York City, New York.

*What Every Woman Knows*—J. M. Barrie. Four Acts. Characters, Five Male, Four Female. Publisher, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, New York.

*What Happened to Jones*—George Broadhurst. Three Acts. Characters, Seven Male, Six Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.

*Witching Hour, The*—Augustus Thomas. Three Acts. Characters, Twelve Male, Three Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.

*You Never Can Tell*—Bernard Shaw. Four Acts. Characters, Six Male, Four Female. Publisher, Brentano's, New York City, New York.

*When We Were Twenty-One*—H. V. Esmond. Four Acts. Characters, Nine Male, Five Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.

*Why Smith Left Home*—George Broadhurst. Three Acts. Characters, Five Male, Seven Female. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.

## PRESENTATION OF PLAYS

### COSTUMES

*Bankside Costume Book for Children*—Melicent Stone. Publisher, Saalfield Publishing Company, New York City, New York.

*Costumes and Scenery for Amateurs*—Constance Mackay.

## APPENDIX

Publisher, Henry Holt and Company, New York City, New York.

*Costumes for Bazaars and Masquerades.* Publisher, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

*Costumes in England*—F. W. Fairholt. Publisher, Macmillan Company, New York City, New York.

*Dennison's Costume Book.* Publisher, Dennison Manufacturing Company, Chicago, Illinois.

*Flower Children*—Elizabeth Gordon. Publisher, P. F. Volland Company, New York City, New York.

*Historic Dress in America*—Elizabeth McClellan. Publisher, G. W. Jacobs and Company, New York City, New York.

*History of British Costume*—J. R. Planche. Publisher, G. Bell and Sons, Ltd., London, England.

*Meadowgold.* Publisher, Extension Division, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin.

*Mother Earth's Children*—Elizabeth Gordon. Publisher, P. F. Volland and Company, Chicago, Illinois.

*Practical Hints on Stage Costumes*—Cyril Bowen. Publisher, Samuel French, New York City, New York.

*Two Centuries of Costume in America*—Alice Morse Earle. Publisher, Macmillan and Company, New York City, New York.

### MAKE-UP

*Art of Theatrical Make-Up, The*—Cavendish Morton. Publisher, Adams and Charles Black, London, England.

*Brief Make-Up Guide*—Eben H. Norris. Publisher, T. S. Denison, Chicago, Illinois.

*Hageman's Make Up Book*—Maurice Hageman. Publisher, The Dramatic Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.

*Making Up*—James Young. Publisher, M. Witmark and Sons, New York City, New York.

### PRODUCTION

*American Pageantry*—Ralph Davol. Publisher, Davol Pub-

## A P P E N D I X

- lishing Company, Taunton, Massachusetts.
- Community Drama and Pageantry*—Mary Porter Beegle and Jack Randall Crawford. Publisher, Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut.
- Festivals and Plays*—Percival Chubb and Associates. Publisher, Harper and Brothers, New York City, New York.
- How to Produce Amateur Plays*—Barrett H. Clark. Publisher, Little, Brown and Company, Boston, Massachusetts.
- How to Produce Children's Plays*—Constance D'Arcy Mackay. Publisher, Henry Holt and Company, New York City, New York.
- How to Stage a Play*—Harry Osborne. Publisher, T. S. Denison and Company, Chicago, Illinois.
- Modern Theater Construction*—Edward Bernard Kinsila. Publisher, Chalmers Publishing Company, New York City, New York.
- Open Air Theater, The*—Sheldon Cheney. Publisher, Mitchell Kennerley, New York City, New York.
- Play Production in America*—Arthur Edwin Krows. Publisher, Henry Holt and Company, New York City, New York.
- Practical Stage Directing for Amateurs*—Emerson Taylor. Publisher, E. P. Dutton and Company, New York City, New York.
- Producing Amateur Entertainments*—Helen Ferris. Publisher, E. P. Dutton and Company, New York City, New York.
- Shakespeare for Community Players*—Roy Mitchell. Publisher, E. P. Dutton and Company, New York City, New York.

## SCENIC EFFECTS—STAGE DEVICES—LIGHTING

- Costumes and Scenery for Amateurs*—Constance Mackay.

## APPENDIX

Publisher, Henry Holt and Company, New York City, New York.

*Electric Stage Lighting Apparatus and Effects*—Kliegel Brothers. Publisher, Kliegel Brothers, New York City, New York.

*Secrets of Scene Painting and Stage Effects*—Van Dyke Browne. Publisher, E. P. Dutton and Company, New York City, New York.

*Theatrical Stage Rigging*—J. R. Clancy. Publisher, J. R. Clancy, Syracuse, New York.

### PROMOTION OF PLAYS NEWSPAPERS

*Country Weekly, The*—Phil C. Bing. Publisher, D. Appleton and Company, New York City, New York.

*Editorial, The*—Leon Nelson Flint. Publisher, D. Appleton and Company, New York City, New York.

*Essentials in Journalism*—H. F. Harrington and T. T. Frankenberg. Publisher, Ginn and Company, New York City, New York.

*How to Write Special Feature Articles*—Willard G. Bleyer. Publisher, Houghton, Mifflin Company, New York City, New York.

*Making Type Work*—Benjamin Sherbow. Publisher, The Century Company, New York City, New York.

*Newspaper Reporting and Correspondence*—Grant M. Hyde. Publisher, D. Appleton and Company, New York City, New York.

*Newspaper Writing and Editing*—Willard G. Bleyer. Publisher, Houghton, Mifflin Company, New York City, New York.

*Principles of Advertising, The*—Tipper, Hollingworth, Hotchkiss, Parsons. Publisher, The Ronald Press Company, New York City, New York.

*Types of News Writing*—Willard G. Bleyer. Publisher,

## APPENDIX

Houghton, Mifflin Company, New York City, New York.  
*Typical Newspaper Stories*—H. F. Harrington. Publisher,  
Ginn and Company, New York City, New York.

### POSTERS

- Art of Sign Painting, The*—Frank Atkinson. Publisher,  
Frederick J. Drake and Company, Chicago, Illinois.  
*"A Show At" Shocards*—F. H. Atkinson and G. W. Atkin-  
son. Publisher, Frederick J. Drake and Company,  
Chicago, Illinois.  
*Letters and Lettering*—Frank Chouteau Brown. Publisher,  
Bates and Guild Company, Boston, Massachusetts.  
*Modern Painters' Cyclopedia, The*—F. Maire. Publisher,  
Frederick J. Drake and Company, Chicago, Illinois.  
*Poster, The*—Publisher, Poster Advertising Association,  
Chicago, Illinois.  
*Practical Publicity*—Truman A. De Weese. Publisher,  
George W. Jacobs and Company, Philadelphia, Penn-  
sylvania.  
*Signists' Modern Book of Alphabets, The*—F. Delamotte.  
Publisher, Frederick J. Drake and Company, Chicago,  
Illinois.

APPENDIX B  
GLOSSARY OF STAGE TERMS

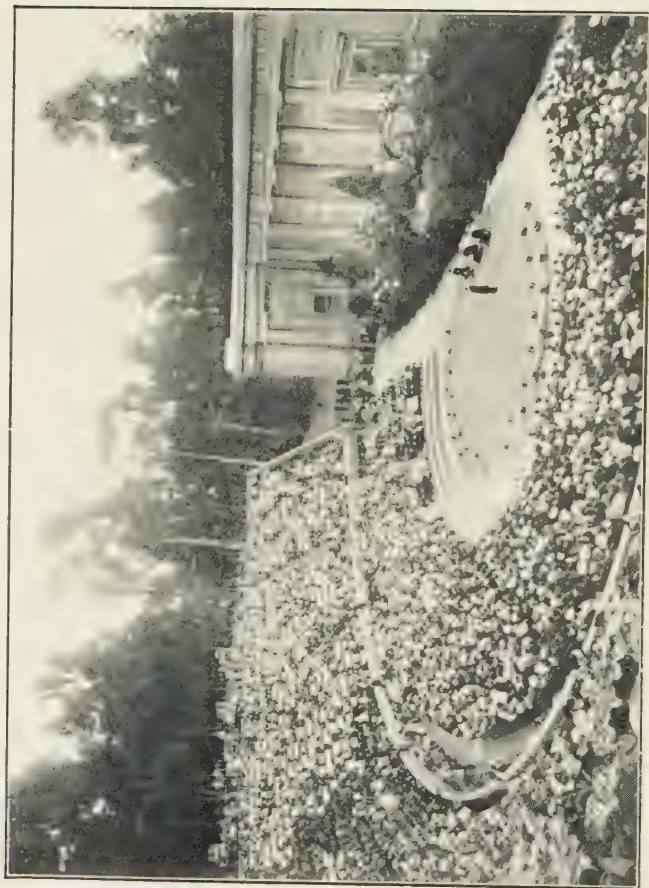
- Arch*—Doorway or archway in section of scenery.
- Act*—Division of play.
- At Rise*—Beginning of play or act.
- Back Stage*—Portion back of visible stage.
- Back Drop*—Large curtain hanging at rear of stage showing a landscape, garden or woods.
- Borders*—Section of different colored cloths or scenery hanging at intervals from above. Usually represents sky, ceiling or branches of trees.
- Border Lights*—Rows of lights in tin troughs suspended from ceiling used to illuminate stage.
- Brace*—Support, usually slender pole to keep scenery in place.
- Bunch Lights*—Groups of lights on movable standards.
- Business Manager*—Person who looks after finances of production, promotes advertising campaign, sells and takes tickets, etc.
- Comedy*—A play light and amusing, having a happy ending.
- Costume*—A character dress of a particular period or locality worn in a play.
- Cue*—Last words of a speech indicating time for next actor to begin.
- Cross*—To move from one side of the stage to the other side.
- Dimmer*—Electrical device to regulate quantity of light on stage.
- Drops*—Curtains or pieces of scenery extending height and whole width of stage.
- Down*—Down stage means direction of audience.
- Discovered*—In person on stage at beginning of play or act.
- Drama*—A composition intended to portray life or character to be performed on stage.
- Farce*—A light, somewhat ridiculous play usually short.

## A P P E N D I X

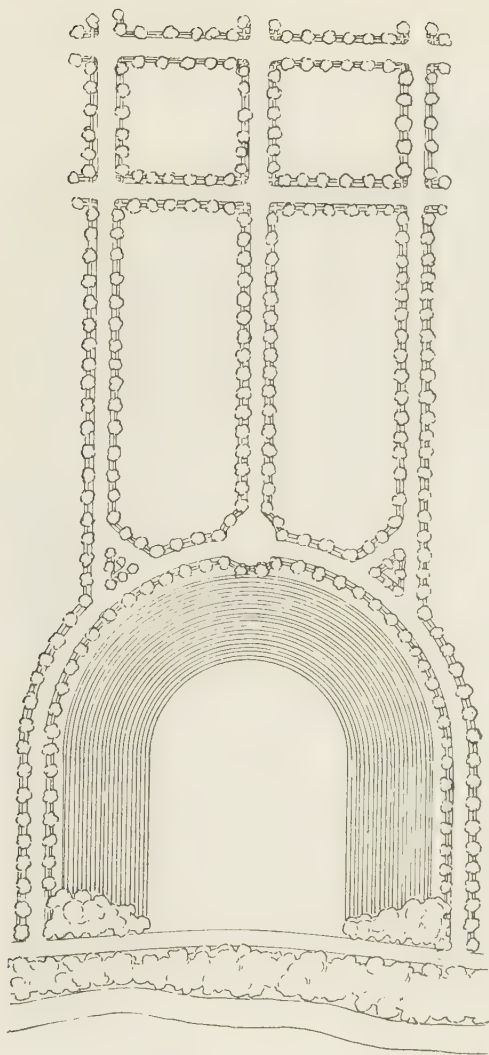
- Festival*—A periodical season of entertainment embracing pageantry, drama, music and dancing.
- Footlights*—Illumination on front of stage floor.
- Front*—Part of stage nearest audience.
- Lash Line*—Rope used to hold sections of scenery together.
- Left*—Actor's left on stage when facing audience.
- Music Plot*—Brief statement of incidental music in play.
- Off*—Away from visible stage.
- On*—On stage.
- Pantomime*—A dramatic performance where words are not used—a dumb show.
- Pageant*—An outdoor spectacle or play of large proportions.
- Pastoral Play*—A drama describing rural life.
- Prompter*—One who reminds actor of parts forgotten.
- Property Man*—One who looks after properties in play.
- Puppet Show*—A small image in human form play.
- Properties*—Articles used in play.
- Proscenium*—Arch framing the stage where front curtain hangs.
- Run*—Portion of stage leading to visible part.
- Set Piece*—A structure built on stage like tree, wall or cottage.
- Set*—Scenery for certain act in play.
- Scene*—Subdivision of play or act in play.
- Stage-Manager*—One who looks after arrangement of stage scenery for a play.
- Spotlight*—Light aimed at certain section of stage.
- Tableau*—Representation of some scene by grouping of people.
- Tormentors*—Passages near proscenium opening.
- Trap*—Hole in stage floor.
- Tragedy*—A dramatic composition having an unhappy ending.
- Up*—Toward rear of stage.
- Upstage*—Part of stage farthest away from audience.

APPENDIX C  
OPEN AIR THEATERS—STADIUMS

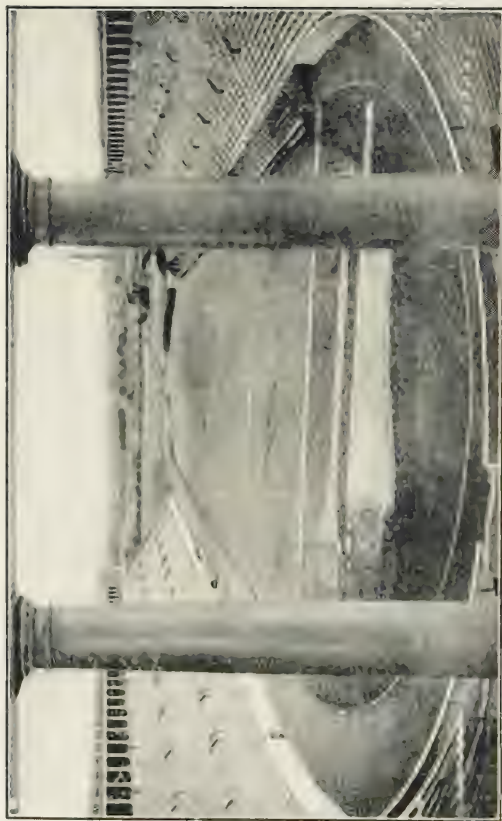
Greek Theater, University of California, Berkeley, California, The Crescent—El Zagal Park, Fargo, North Dakota—The Harvard Stadium, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.



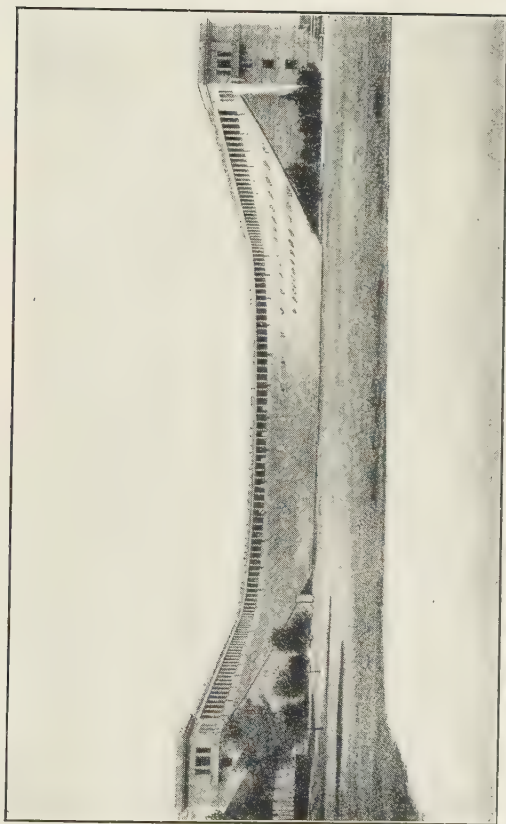
The Greek Theatre, University of California, Berkeley, California



"The Crescent," one of America's Largest  
Open Air Theaters, El Zagal Park, Fargo,  
North Dakota



The Scullion, Harvard University

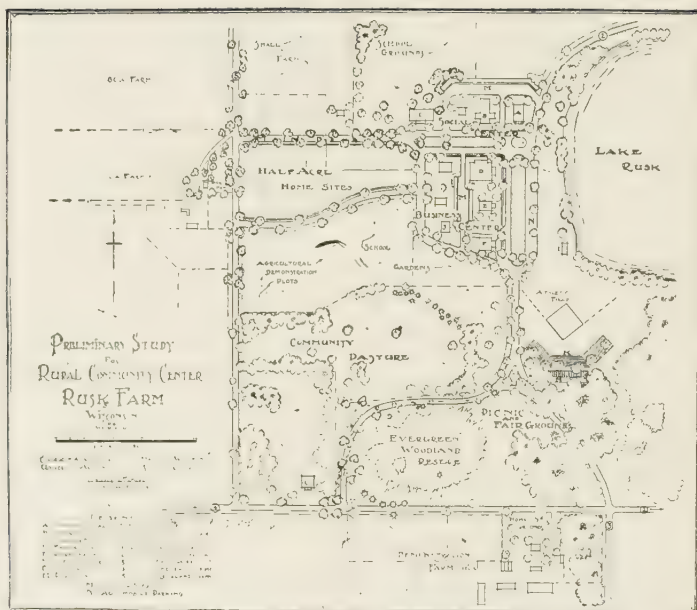


The Interior of the Stadium, Harvard University



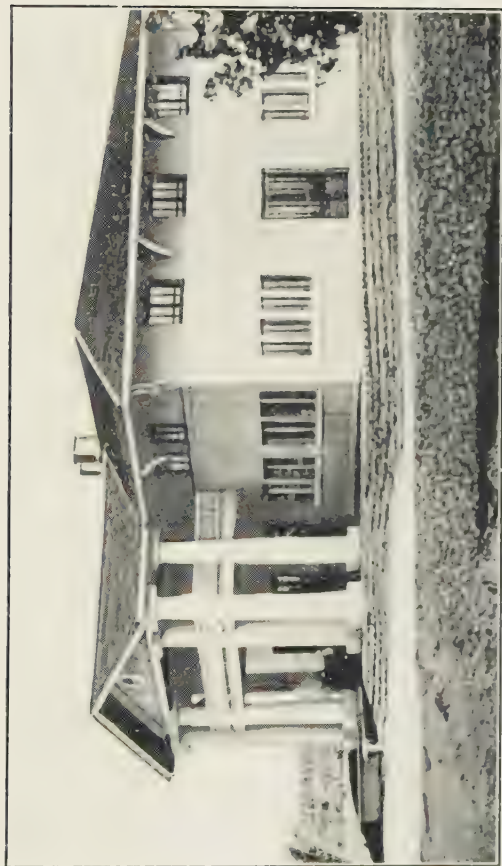
APPENDIX D  
RURAL COMMUNITY CENTER—TYPES OF  
COMMUNITY BUILDINGS

Rural Community Center, Rusk Farm—Community House,  
Leeland, Texas—Village Hall, Wyoming, New York—Com-  
munity Building and Floor Plan—Auditorium, Hendrum,  
Minnesota.

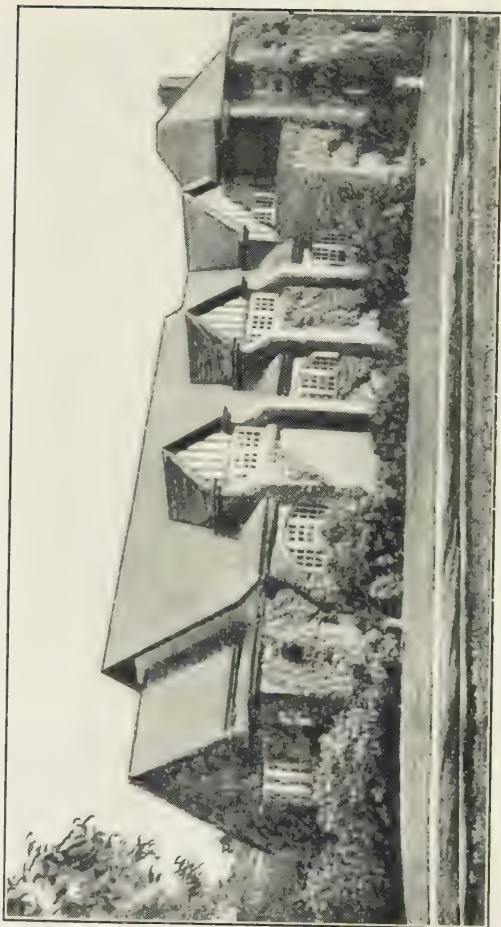


*Courtesy of Ben Faast*

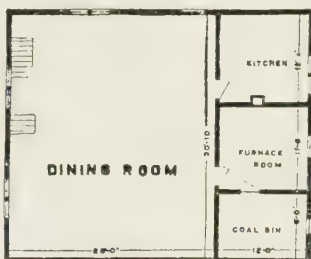
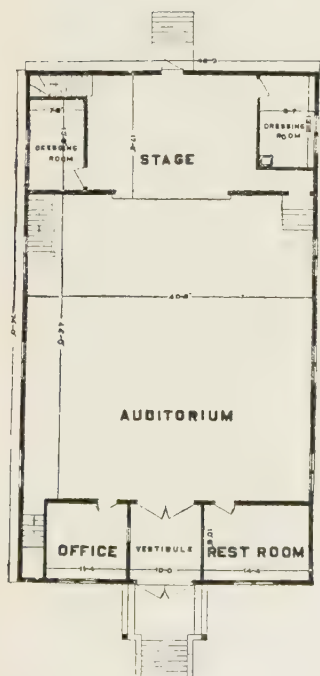
Rural Community Center Plan, Rusk Farm, Wisconsin



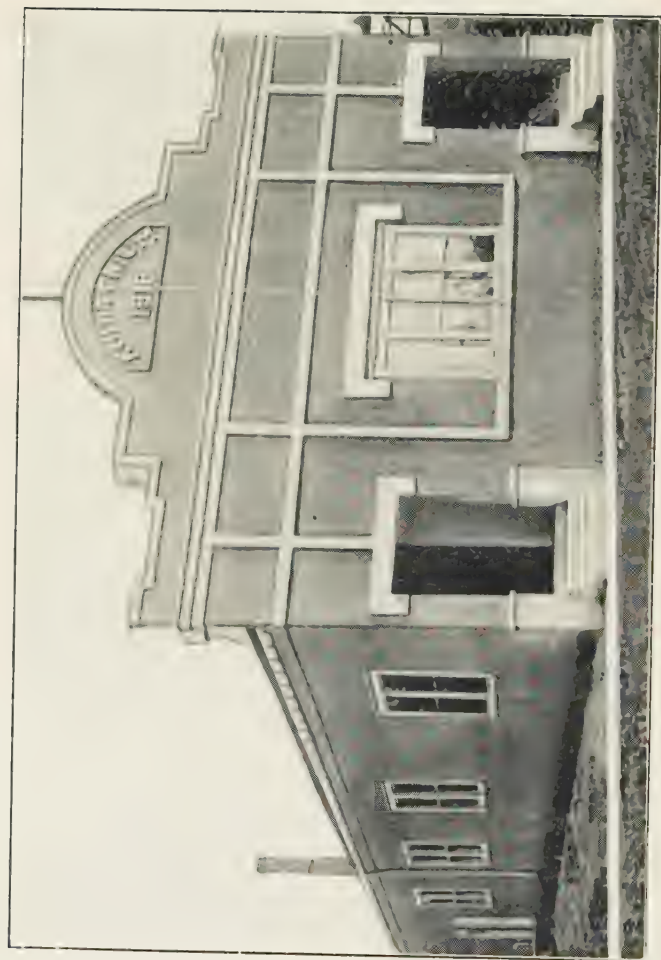
Community House, Leeland, Texas



Village Hall, Wyoming, New York



Typical Community Building  
 Drawn by Sander Anderson.  
 Seating capacity four hundred

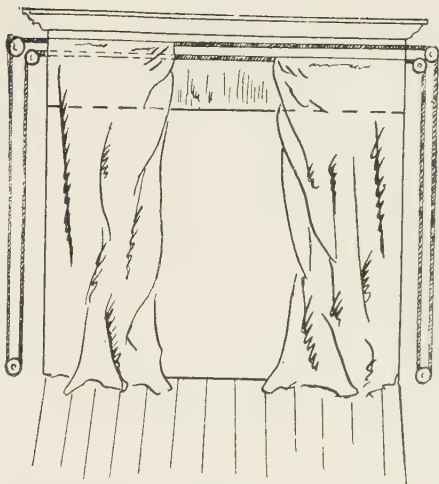


Auditorium, Hendrum, Minnesota

## APPENDIX E

### STAGE DESIGNS





DRAW CURTAIN—CAN BE USED  
ANYWHERE

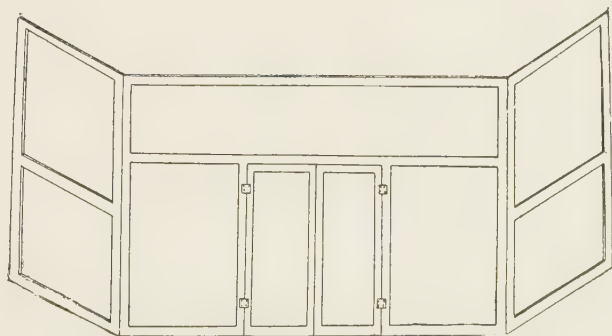


DIAGRAM SHOWING SCENE FRAME









